



January 10<sup>th</sup> 1663.

Imprimatur,

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.





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# P O E M S, &c.

WRITTEN UPON SEVERAL OCCA-  
SIONS, AND TO SEVERAL  
PERSONS.

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By EDMOND WALLER, Esq;.

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*Never till now Corrected and Published with  
the approbation of the Author.*

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*Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,  
Excerptam numero* \_\_\_\_\_

*Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinator, atque os  
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.*

Horat.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor in the  
Lower-walk of the New Exchange. 1664.



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## The Printer to the Reader.



When the Author of these verses  
(written only to please himself,  
and such particular persons to whom  
they were directed) returned from  
abroad some years since, He was  
troubled to find his name in print,  
but somewhat satisfied to see his lines  
so ill rendred that he might justly disown them, and say  
to a mistaking Printer, as one did to an ill Reciter,  
-----Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuum. Having  
been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross  
faults, (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected  
by the Authors) his answer was, That he made these when  
ill verses had more favour, and escaped better, than Good  
ones do in this Age, the severity whereof he thought  
not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression,  
which hitherto have hung upon his Book as the Turks  
hang old raggs (or such like ugly things) upon their  
fairest Horses and other goodly Creatures, to secure  
them against fascination; And for those of a more Con-  
fined understanding (who pretend not to Censure) as  
they

they admire most what they least comprehend, so his Verses (mained to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might that way at least have a title to some Admiration, which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, That the aim of Orators, is Victory; of Historians, Truth; and of Poets Admiration; He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his Book whereby It might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse, if those faults were amended; for we see maimed Statues sell better than whole ones, and Clipt and washt Money go about when the entire and weighty lies boarded up. These are the reasons which for above twelve Years past he has opposed to our request; To which it was replied, That as it would be too late to recall that which had so long been made publique, so might it find excuse from his Youth (the season it was produced in) And for what had been done since and now added, If it commend not his Poetry, It might his Philosophy, which teaches him so cheerfully to bear so great a Calamity, as the loss of the best part of his fortune (torn from him in Prison, in which, & in banishment the best portion of his life hath also been spent) that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman,

---Quem

Quem demisere Philippi  
Decissis humilem pennis inopemque Paterni  
Et Laris, et fundi. —

*whose spreading wings the Civil-war had clipt,  
And him of his old Partrimony stript.*

*who yet not long after could say,*

Musis amicus Tristitiam & Metus  
Tradam protervis in Mare Creticum  
Portare ventis. —

*They that acquainted with the Muses be  
Send Care and Sorrow, by the winds, to Sea.*

*Not so much moved with these reasons of ours (or pleas'd  
with our Rhimes) as wearied with our importunity,  
He has at last given us leave, To assure the Reader,  
That the Poems which have been so long and so ill set  
forth under his name, are here to be found as he first  
writ them; As also to add some others which have  
since been compos'd by him. And though his advice to  
the Contrary might have discouraged us, yet observing  
how often they have been reprinted, what price they have  
born, and how earnestly they have been always inquired  
after, but especially of late making good that of Horace,  
---- Meliora*

-----Meliora dies, ut Vina, Poemata reddit; *Some Verses being ( like some wines ) recommended to our Taste by Time and Age, we have ventured upon this new and well corrected Edition, which for our own sakes, as well as thine we hope will succeed better than be apprehended.*

Vivitur ingenio, Cætera mortis erunt.

---

POEMS

---



# TO THE K I N G

## *On His Navy.*

**W**Here e're thy Navy spreads her canvas wings,  
Homage to thee, and Peace to all she brings;  
The French and Spaniard when thy flags appear  
Forget their Hatred, and consent to Fear.  
So *Jove* from *Ida* did both hoasts survey,  
And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray:  
Ships heretofore in Seas like Fishes sped,  
The mightiest still upon the smallest sed;  
Thou on the deep imposest Nobler laws,  
And by that Justice hast remov'd the cause

B

OF

Of those rude tempests which for rapine sent;

Too oft alas, involv'd the innocent.

Now shall the Ocean as thy *Thames* be free

From both those fates of storms and piracie :

But we most happy, who can fear no force

But winged troops, or Pegasean horse :

'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoyle

Another Nation as to touch our soyl :

Should Natures self invade the world again,

And o're the Center spread the liquid main,

Thy power were safe, and her destructive hand

Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command;

Thy dreadfull fleet would stile thee Lord of all,

And ride in triumph ore the drowned ball.

Those towers of oak ore fertile plains might go

And visit Mountains where they once did grow.

The world's Restorer never could endure

That finish'd *Babel* should those men secure,

Whose



upon several occasions.

3

Whose pride design'd that fabrick to have stood  
Above the reach of any second flood :  
To thee his chosen more indulgent, he  
Dares trust such power with so much piety.

*Of the danger His Majesty ( being Prince )*

*escaped in the rode at Saint Anderes.*

NOW had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,  
And reacht the sphere of his own power, the  
With British bounty in his ship he feasts, (main,  
Th' Hesperian Princes; his amazed guests  
To finde that warry wildernesse exceed  
The entertainment of their great *Madrid*.  
Healts to both Kings attended with the rore  
Of Cannons ech'd from th' affrighted shore,  
With loud resemblance of his thunder proves  
*Barchin* the seed of cloud composing Jove's  
While

B 2

While to his harp divine, *Arion* sings  
 The loves and conquests of our Albion Kings.  
 Of the fourth *Edward* was his noble song,  
 Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautifull and young.  
 He rent the Crown from vanquisht *Henries* head,  
 Rais'd the White rose and trampled on the Red :  
 Till love triumphing o're the Victors pride,  
 Brought *Mars* and *Warwick* to the Conquer'd side ;  
 Neglected *Warwick* ( whose bold hand like fate  
 Gives and resumes the Scepter of our State )  
 Wooes for his master, and with double shame  
 Himself deluded, mocks the Princely dame,  
 The Lady *Bona*, whom just anger burns,  
 And forein war with civil rage returns  
 Ah spare your swords where beauty is too blam'd,  
 Love gave th' affront, and must repair the same :  
 When *Envy* shall boast of her, whose conquering eyes  
 Have made the best of English hearts their prize :

Have

*upon several occasions.*

5

Have power to alter the decrees of fate,  
And change again the counsels of our State:  
What the Prophetick muse intends, alone  
To him that feels the secret wound is known.  
With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay  
About the keel delighted Dolphins play,  
Too sure a sign of Seas ensuing rage,  
Which must anon this Royal troop engage:  
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet  
Within the Town commanded by our fleet,  
These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded Barge,  
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge,  
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep  
Neptunes smooch face, and cleave the yielding deep,  
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war  
Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar:  
As when a sort of lusty shepherds try  
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory

B 3

Makes

Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,  
 That their encounters seem too rough for jest;  
 They ply their feet, and still the restless ball  
 Toft too and fro is urged by them all:  
 So fares the doubtfull Barge twixt tide and winds,  
 And like effect of their contention finds;  
 Yet the bold Britains still securely row'd,  
*Charles* and his Virtue was their sacred load;  
 Than which a greater pledge heaven could not give  
 That the good boat this tempest should outlive:  
 But storms encrease, and now no hope of grace  
 Among them shines, save in the Princes face,  
 The rest resign their courage, skill and sight  
 To danger, horreur, and unwelcome night.

The gentle vessell, wont with state and pride  
 On the smooth back of silver *Thames* to ride,  
 Wanders Astonish'd in the angry main,  
 As *Titans* Car did, while the golden reign

Fill'd

Fill'd the young hand of his adventurous son  
When the whole world an equal hazard run  
To this of ours, the light of whole desire  
Waves threaten now, as that was skar'd by fire.

Th' impatient sea grows impotent and raves  
That ( night afflicting ) his impetuous waves  
Should find resistance from so light a thing ;  
These surges ruine, those our safety bring.  
Th' oppressed vessell doth the charge abide,  
Only because assail'd on every side :  
So men with rage and passion set on fire,  
Trembling for haste impeach their mad desire.

The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,  
But that their wonder did divert their care,  
To see the Prince with Danger mov'd no more  
Than with the Pleasures of their court before.  
God-like his courage seem'd, whom no delight  
Could soften, nor the face of death affright ;

Next to the power of making tempests cease,

Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.

Great *Mars* could no greater tempest feign

When the loud winds usurping on the main,

For angry *Juno* labour'd to destroy

The hated reliques of confounded Troy :

His bold *Eneas*, on like billows tost,

In a tall Ship, and all his Country lost,

Diffolves with fear, and both his hands upheld,

Proclames them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd.

In honourable fight ; our *Heracler*

In a small shallop fortune in his debt,

So near a hope of Crowns and Scepters, more

Than ever *Pyram*, when he flourish'd, wore,

His loyns yet full of ungot Princes, all

His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall

That argues fear ; if any thought annoys

The gallant youth, 'tis loves untasted joys,

And

*upon several occasions.*

2

And dear remembrance of that fatal glance;  
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in *France*,  
Where he had seen a brighter Nymph than the  
That sprung out of his present foe, the Sea;  
That noble ardor, more than mortal fire,  
The conquered ocean could not make expire,  
Nor angry *Thetis*, raise her waves above  
Th' heroic Prince's courage, or his love,  
'Twas Indignation, and not Fear he felt,  
The shrine should perish where that Image dwelt.  
Ah love forbid, the noblest of thy Train  
Should not survive to let her know his pain;  
Who nor his perill minding, nor his flame,  
Is entertain'd with some less serious game  
Among the bright Nymphs of the Gallique Court,  
All highly born, obsequious to her sport:  
They roses seem which in their early pride,  
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide;  
She

She the glad morning which her beams does throw  
 Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so  
 Like bright *Aurora*, whose refulgent Ray  
 Foretells the fervour of ensuing day,  
 And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat  
 To leasie shadows from the threatned heat.

From *Cupid's* strings of many shafts that flee (shed,  
 Wing'd with those plumes which noble Fame had  
 As through the wondring world she flew and told  
 Of his adventures haughty, brave and bold,  
 Some had already touch'd the Royal maid,  
 But love's first summons seldome are obey'd.  
 Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,  
 She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.

His glorious name had so possess'd her ears,  
 That with delight those antique tales she hears  
 Of *Jason*, *Theseus*, and such Worthies old,  
 As with his story best resemblance hold.

And



*upon several occasions.*

11

And now she views, as on the wall it hung  
What old *Muse* so divinely sung;  
Which art with life and love did so inspire  
That she discerns, and favours that desire,  
Which there provokes th' advent'rous youth to swim,  
And in *Leanders* danger pities him;  
Whose not new love alone, but fortune seeks  
To frame his story like that amorous *Greeks*.

For from the stern of some good Ship appears  
A friendly light which moderates their fears:  
New courage from reviving hope they take,  
And climbing o're the waves that *Taper* make;  
On which the hope of all their Lives depends,  
As his on that fair *Hero's* hand extends.

The Ship at anchor like a fixed Rock  
Breaks the proud billows which her large sides knock;  
Whose rage restrained foaming higher swells,  
And from her port the weary Barge repels;

Threat-

Threatning to make her forced out again,  
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.

Twice was the Cable hurl'd in vain; the fates  
Would not be moved for our sister States:  
For *England* is the third successfull throw,  
And then the Genius of that Land they know:  
Whose Prince must be (as their own Books devise)  
Lord of the Scene, where now the danger lies.

Well sung the Roman Bard, All human things  
Of dearest value, hang on slender strings.  
O see the then sole hope, and in design  
Of heaven our joy supported by a line:  
Which for that instant was Heaven's care above  
The chain that's fixed to the Throne of *Jove*;  
On which the fabrick of our World depends,  
One link dissolv'd, the whole Creation ends.

Of

upon several occasions.

13

*Of His Majesties receiving the News of the  
Duke of Buckingham's Death.*

SO earnest with thy Gods, can no new care,  
No sense of danger interrupt thy Prayer;  
The sacred Wrestler till a blessing given  
Quits not his hold, but halting Conquers heaven;  
Nor was the stream of thy Devotion stopp'd  
When from the Body such a Limb was lopp'd,  
As to thy present state was no less maim,  
Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the same;  
Bold *Homer* durst not so great virtue feign  
In his best pattern, of *Patroclus* slain,  
With such amazement as weak Mothers use,  
And frantick gesture he receives the news  
Yet sell his Darling by th' impartial chance  
Of war, impos'd by Royal *Hectors* lance;  
Thine

Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand

Torn from thy bosome, left his high command.

The famous Painter could allow no place

For private sorrow in a Princes face ;

Yet that his piece might not exceed belief,

He cast a veil upon supposed grief.

'Twas want of such a president as this

Made the old heathen frame their gods amiss :

Their *Phœbus* should not act a sonder part

For the fair Boy, than he did for his Hart ;

Nor blame for *Heacynthus* fate his own

That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been

He that with thine shall weigh good *David's* deeds,

Shall finde his passion, nor his love exceeds ;

He curst the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,

But let false *Ziba* with his heir divide :

Where thy immortal love to thy best friends,

Like that of heaven upon their seed descends,

and T

Such

*upon several occasions.*

15

Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,  
God-like unmov'd, and yet like Woman kind.  
Which of the antient Poets had not brought  
Our *Charls* his Pedigree from Heaven, and taught  
How some bright Dame compress'd by mighty *Jove*  
Produc'd this mixt Divinity and Love?

---

*To the Queen, occasioned upon sight of  
her Majesties Picture.*

**W**ELL fare the hand which to our humble sight  
Presents that Beauty which the dazzling Light  
Of Royal splendor hides from weaker Eyes;  
And all excess (save by this Art) denies.  
Here only we have Courage to behold  
This beam of Glory, here we dare unfold  
In numbers thus the Wonders we conceive;  
The gracious Image seeming to give leave

Pro-

Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen,  
And by our Muse saluted

Mighty Queen,

In whom th' extremes of power and beauty move,  
The Queen of *Britain* and the Queen of Love.

As the bright Sun ( to which we owe no light )

Of equal glory to your beauties light,

Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat

T' extend his light, and moderate his heat:

So happy 'tis you move in such a sphere

As your high Majesty with awfull fear,

In human Breasts might qualifie that fire

Which kindled by those Eyes had flamed higher,

Than when the Scorched world like hazard run

By the approach of the ill guided Sun,

No other Nymphs have Title to mens hearts,

But as their Meanness larger hope imparts :

Your

Your beauty more the fondest Lover moves  
 VVith admiration than his private loves  
 VVith admiration, for a pitch so high  
 ( Save sacred *Charls* his ) never love durst fly  
 Heaven that preferr'd a Scepter to your hand  
 Favour'd our freedome, more than your command.  
 Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been  
 The whole worlds mistress, other than a Queen.  
 All had been Rivals; and you might have spar'd,  
 Or kill'd and tyranniz'd without a guard.  
 No power achiev'd, either by arms or birth,  
 Equals loves empire, both in heaven and earth.  
 Such eyes as yours, on *Jove* himself have thrown  
 As bright and fierce a lightning as his own  
 VVitness out *Jove* prevented by their flame  
 In his swift passage to th' *Hesperian* dame,  
 VVhen ( like a Lion ) finding in his way  
 To some intended spoil a fairer prey

C

The

The Royall youth pursuing the report  
 Of beauty, found it in the Gallique Court  
 There publique care with private passion fought  
 A doubtfull combate in his noble thought  
 Should he confesse his greatness, and his love,  
 And the free faith of your great brother prove,  
 With his *Arbates* breaking through the cloud  
 Of that disguise which did their graces shroud,  
 And mixing with those gallants at the ball,  
 Dance with the Ladies and out-shine them all,  
 Or on his journey o're the mountaines ride,  
 So when the fair *Leucothee* he espy'd  
 To check his steeds, impatient *Phœbus* earn'd,  
 Though all the world was in his course concern'd.  
 What may hereafter her Meridian do,  
 Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so  
 Not so divine a flame, since deathless gods  
 Forbore to visit the desir'd abodes  
 Of



Of men, in any mortal breast did burn,  
Nor shall till Piety and they return.

---

*Upon His Majesties repairing of  
Pauls.*

**T**Hat shipwrackt vessel which the Apostle bore  
Scarce suffer'd more upon *Melitas* shore,  
Than did his Temple in the sea of Time  
(Our Nations Glory; and our Nations Crime)  
When the first Monarch of this hapy Isle  
Mov'd with the ruine of so brave a pile,  
This work of cost and piety begun  
To be accomplish'd by his glorious Son;  
Who all that came within the ample thought  
Of his wife Sire, has to perfection brought.  
He like *Amphion* makes those quarries leap  
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap :

For in his art of Regiments is found  
A power like that of Harmony in sound. (Kings,

Those antique Minstrels sure were Charls-like  
Cities their Lures, and Subjects hearts their Strings ;  
On which with so divine a hand they strook  
Consent of motion from their breath they took.

So all our mindes with his conspire to grace  
The Gentiles great Apostle, and deface  
Those State-obscur'ing sheds, that like a chain  
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again ;  
Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,  
As once the Viper from his sacred hand :  
So joyes the aged Oak when we divide  
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd side.

Ambition rather would effect the same  
Of some new structure, to have born her name,  
Two distant Virtues in one act we find  
The Modesty, and Greatness of his mind ;

Which

Which not content to be above the rage  
And injury of all impairing age,  
In its own worth secure, doth higher clime,  
And things half swallow'd from the jaws of Time  
Reduce, an earnest of his grand design  
To frame no new Church, but the Old refining,  
Which Spouse-like may with comely grace command  
More than by force of argument or hand.  
For doubtfull reason few can apprehend,  
And War brings ruine, where it should amend:  
But beauty with a bloodless conquest finds  
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.

Not ought which Sheba's wondring Queen beheld  
Amongst the works of Solomon excell'd  
His ships and building, emblems of a heart  
Large both in Magnanimity and Art:  
While the propitious heavens this work attend,  
Long wanted showers they forget to send;

As if they meant to make it understood  
Of more importance than our vital food.

The Sun which riseth to salute the Quire  
Already finish'd, setting shall admire  
How privat bounny could so far extend;  
The King built all, but *Charls* the VVestern end:  
So proud a fabrick to devotion given,  
At once it threatneth and obligeth heaven.

*Laomedon* that had the gods in pay,  
*Neptune*, with him that rules the sacred day,  
Could no such structure raise, *Troy* wall'd so high,  
Th' *Atrides* might as well have forc'd the sky.  
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings  
To see such power employ'd in peacefull things.  
They list not urge it to the dreadfull field,  
The task is easier to destroy than build.

— *Sic gratia Regum*  
*Pieris tentataq; modis. Horat.*

The

The Country to my Lady of Carlisle.

Madam,

O F all the sacred Muses inspir'd,  
Orpheus alone could with the Woods comply  
Their rude Inhabitants his Song admir'd,  
And Natures self in those that could not lye.  
Your Beauty next our Solitude invades,  
And warms us Shining, through the Thickest shades.  
Nor ought the Tribute which the wondring Court  
Pays your fair Eyes, prevail with you to scorn  
The answer and consent to that report  
Which Echo-like the Country do's return:  
Mirrors are taught to Flatter, but our Springs  
Present th' impartial Images of things.

A Rural Judge dispos'd of Beauties prize,

A simple Shepheard was preferr'd to Jove,

C 4

Down

Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies  
 Came *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,  
 To plead for that which was so justly given  
 To the bright *Carlile* of the Court of Heaven.

*Carlile* a Name which all our words are taught,  
 Loud as his *Amarillis* to resound;  
*Carlile* a Name which on the Bark is wrought  
 Of every Tree that's worthy of the Wound.  
 From *Phœbus* rage, our Shadows, and our Streams,  
 May guard us better than from *Carlile's* beams.

---

### *The Countess of Carlile in Mourning.*

(clear,  
**W**hen from black Clouds no part of Sky is  
 But just so much as lets the Sun appear  
 Heaven then would seem thy Image, and reflect  
 Those Sable Vestments, and that Bright Aspect.

A

upon several occasions.

25

A spark of Virtue by the deepest shade  
Of Sad adversity is Fairer made;  
Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get  
A *Venus* rising from a sea of jet.  
Such was the appearance of new formed Light  
While yet it struggled with Eternal night:  
Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase  
Of glory by thy noble Lords decrease.  
We find not that the Laughter-loving dame  
Mourn'd for *Anchises*; 'twas enough she came  
To grace the mortal with her dearthless bed,  
And that his living eyes such beauty fed;  
Had she been there, untimely joy through all  
Mens hearts diffus'd, had mar'd the funeral.  
Those eyes were made to banish grief: as well  
Bright *Phæbus* might affect in shades to dwell,  
As they to put on sorrow; nothing stands  
But power to grieve, exempt from thy commands:  
If

If thou lament, thou must do so alone;  
 Grief in thy presence, can lay hold on none.  
 Yet still persist the memory to love  
 Of that great *Mercury* of our mighty *Jove*;  
 Who by the power of his enchanting tongue  
 Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs  
 VVar he prevented, or soon made it cease,  
 Instructing Princes in the arts of Peace:  
 Such as made *Sheba's* curious Queen resort  
 To the large-hearted Hebrews famous Court.  
 Had *Homer* sat amongst his wondring guests,  
 He might have learn'd at thole stupendious feasts,  
 VVith greater bounty, and more sacred state  
 The banquet of the gods to celebrate.  
 But O! what elocution might he use,  
 VVhat potent charms that could so soon infuse  
 His absent masters love into the heart  
 Of *Henrietta*, forcing her to part

From



upon several occasions.

27

From her lov'd Brother, Country, and the Sun;  
And like *Camilla* fire the Waves to run  
Into his arms, while the Parthian dames  
Mourn for their Rav'n's glory, at their flames  
No less amaz'd, than the amazed flares  
When the bold Charmer of *Thersitian* wars  
With heaven itself, and numbers does repeat  
Which call descending *Cynthia* from her Seat

---

In answer to One who Writ against a  
fair Lady.

What fury has provok'd thy Wit to date  
With *Diomedes*, to wound the Queen of Love,  
Thy Mistress's Envy, or thine own Despair?  
Not the just *Pallas* in thy breast did move  
So blind a Rage with such a different fate,  
He Honour won, where thou hast purchas'd Hate.  
She

She gave assistance to his Trojan force,  
 Thou that without a Rival thou mayest love,  
 Dost to the Beauty of this Lady owe,  
 While after her the Gazing world does move.

Canst thou not be content to Love alone,  
 Or is thy Mistress not content with one?  
 Hast thou not read of fairy Arthur's shield,  
 Which but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes  
 Of proudest foes, and won the doubtfull Field?

So shall thy Rebel wit become her prize.

Should thy Iambicks swell into a Book,

All were confuted with one Radiant look.

Heaven he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies,  
 Rewarding *Phæbus*, for inspiring so

His noble Brain, by likening to those Eyes

His joyfull beams; but *Phæbus* is thy foe,

And neither aids thy fancy nor thy sight,

So ill thou Rim'st against so fair a Light.

On

On my Lady Dorothy Sidneys Picture.

Such was *Philoclea*, such *Mucidorus* flame;  
 The matchless *Sidney* that immortal frame  
 Of perfect Beauty on two Pillars plac'd;  
 Not his high Fancy could one pattern grac't  
 With such extremes of Excellence compose,  
 Wonders so distant in one Face disclose:  
 Such Cheerfull modesty, such Humble state,  
 Moves Certain love, but with as Doubtfull fate,  
 As when beyond our Greedy reach we see,  
 Inviting fruit on too sublime a Tree.  
 All the rich Flowers through his *Arcadia* found,  
 Amaz'd we see, in this one Garland bound,  
 Had but this Copy, which the Artist took  
 From the fair Picture of that noble Book,  
 Stood

Stood at *Calanders*, the brave friends had jarr'd,  
 And Rivalls made, th' ensuing story marr'd;  
 Just nature first instructed by his thought,  
 In his own Houle thus practis'd what he taught.  
 This glorious piece Transcends what he could think;  
 So much his Blood is nobler than his Ink.

---

To Vandike.

**R** Are *Artisan*, whose Penfil moves  
 Not our Delights alone, but Loves:  
 From thy Shop of Beauty, we  
 Slaves return that enter'd free.  
 The heedless Lover does not know  
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so:  
 But confounded with thy art,  
 Inquires her name that has his Heart:  
 Another

*upon several occasions.*

31

Another who did long refrain,  
Feels his Old wound bleed fresh again,  
With dear remembrance of that face,  
Where now he reads new hopes of grace:  
Nor Scorn, nor Cruelty does find;  
But gladly suffers a false wind  
To blow the ashes of Despair  
From the reviving brand of care:  
Fool that forgets her stubborn look,  
This softness from thy finger took:  
Strange that thy hand should not inspire  
The beauty only, but the fire:  
Not the form alone, and grace,  
But act and power of a face:  
May'st thou yet thy self as well,  
As all the world besides excell;  
So you th' unfeigned truth rehearse,  
( That I may make it Live in Verse )

Why

VVhy thou couldst not at one assay,  
 That face to after times convey,  
 VVhich this admires; was it thy wit  
 To make her oft before thee sit?  
 Confess, and wee'l forgive thee this,  
 For who would not repeat that blifs,  
 And frequent sight of such a Dame,  
 Buy with the hazard of his Fame?  
 Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,  
 Though thy good hand had failed still?  
 VVhen nature self so often errs,  
 She for this many thousand years  
 Seems to have practis'd with much care,  
 To frame the Race of VVomen fair;  
 Yet never could a perfect birth  
 Produce before to grace the Earth:  
 VVhich waxed old ere it could see  
 Her, that amaz'd thy art and thee.

But

But now 'tis done, O let me know  
Where those Inimortal Colours grow,  
That could this Deathless piece compose  
In Lillies, or the fading Rose?  
No, for this Theft thou hast clim'd higher  
Than did *Prometheus* for his fire:

---

*Of the Lady who can Sleep when she  
pleases.*

N O wonder Sleep from carefull Lovers flies,  
To bathe himself in *Sacharissa's* eyes;  
As fair *Astrea* once from Earth to Heaven  
By Strife and loud Impiety was driven :  
So with our Complaints offended, and our Tears  
Wife *Somnus* to that Paradise repairs,  
Waits on her will, and wretches do's forsake (wake:  
To court the Nymph, for whom those wretches  
D More

More proud than *Phæbus* of his throne of gold  
 Is the soft god, those softer limbs to hold ;  
 Nor would exchange with *Jove*, to hide the skies  
 In darkning clouds, the power to close her eyes :  
 Eyes which so far all other Lights controul,  
 They warm our Mortal parts, but these our Soul,  
 Let her free spirit whose unconquer'd breast  
 Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,  
 Know, that though *Venus* and her Son should spare  
 Her Rebell heart, and never teach her Care,  
 Yet *Hymen* may inforce her vigils keep,  
 And for anothers Joy, suspend her Sleep.

---

*Of the mis-report of her being Painted.*

AS when a sort of Wolves infest the night  
 With their wild howlings at fair *Cynthia's* light,  
 The



The noyse may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,  
 But never reach the Mistress of the skies:  
 So with the news of *Sacharissa's* wrongs,  
 Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues;  
 Call Love to witness that no painted fire  
 Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire;  
 While unconcerned she seems mov'd no more  
 With this new malice than our loves before;  
 But from the height of her great mind looks down  
 On both our passions without Smile or Frown,  
 So little care of what is done below  
 Hath the bright dame, whom heaven affecteth so:  
 Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads  
 Like glorious colours through the flowry meads,  
 When lavish Nature with her best attire  
 Clothes the gay Spring, the season of desire:  
 Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn  
 With the same art wherewith she paints the morn:

With the same art wherewith she gildeth so  
Those painted clouds which form *Thaumas* how

---

*Of her passing through a crowd of people.*

As in old Chaos Heaven with Earth confus'd,  
And Stars with rocks, together crush'd & bruis'd,  
The Sun his light no further could extend  
Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd:  
So in this throng bright *Sacharissa* far'd,  
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard;  
As ships though never so obsequious, fall  
Foul in a tempest on their admirall:  
A greater Favour this Disorder brought  
Unto her Servants than their awfull thought  
Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest  
The yeelding marble of her snowy breast  
While love insults disguis'd in the cloud,  
And welcome force of that untuly croud.

So

So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm  
Just distance keeps from his desired Palm:  
But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws  
Into his arms, and mingles all their bows,  
Though loath he seems her tender leaves to press,  
More loath he is that friendly storm should cease,  
From whose rude bounty, he the double use  
At once receives, of Pleasure and Excuse.

---

*The story of Phœbus and Daphne applied.*

**T** *Hirsis* a youth of the inspired train,  
Fair *Sacharissa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain:

Like *Phœbus* sung the no less amorous boy,  
Like *Daphne* she as Lovely and as Coy:  
With numbers he the flying Nymph pursues,  
With numbers such as *Phœbus* self might use,  
Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,  
Ore craggy mountains, and through floury meads,

Invok'd to testify the lovers care,  
 Or form some image of his cruell fair;  
 Urg'd with his fury like a wounded Deer,  
 Ore these he fled, and now approaching near,  
 Had reacht the Nymph with his harmonious lay,  
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay;  
 Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,  
 Though unsuccessfull, was not sung in vain:  
 All but the Nymph, that should redress his wrong,  
 Attend his passion, and approve his song.

Like *Phæbus* thus, acquiring unsought praise,  
 He catcht at Love, and fill'd his arm with Bayes.

---

*Fabula Phæbi & Daphnis.*

**A** *Readia juvenis Thirsis, Phæbique sacerdos,*  
*Ingenti frustra Sachariffæ ardebat amor*  
*Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora cavebat,*  
*Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:*

*Carmi-*

*Carminibus Phæbo dignis premit ille fugacem  
Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates  
Pascua, formosam nunc his componere Nympham,  
Nunc illis crudelem insana mente solebat :  
Audiit illa procul miserum, Citheramque sonantem,  
Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis ;  
Ne tamen omnino caneret, desertus, ad alta  
Sidera perculsi, referunt nova carmina montes.  
Sic non quæsitis cumulatùs laudibus olim  
Elapsa reperit Daphni sua laurea Phæbus.*

---

*Of Mrs. Arden.*

**B**Ehold, and listen, while the fair  
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,  
And with her own breath fans the fire  
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.  
What reason can that love controul,  
Which more than one way courts the soul ?

D 4

So

So when a flash of lightning falls  
 On our abodes, the danger calls  
 For humane aid, which hopes the flame  
 To conquer, though from heaven it came :  
 But if the winds with that conspire,  
 Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

---

*To Amorett.*

F Air, that you may truly know  
 What you unto *Thirsis* ow,  
 I will tell you how I do  
*Sacharissa* love and you.

Joy salutes me when I set  
 My blest eyes on *Amorett* :  
 But with wonder I am strook  
 When I on the other look.

If

upon several occasions. 41

If sweet *Amoret* complains,  
I have sense of all her pains;  
But for *Sacharissa* I  
Do not only Grieve, but Die.

All that of my self is mine  
Lovely *Amoret* is thine;  
*Sacharissa*'s captive fain  
Would untie his iron chain,

And those scorching beams to shun  
To thy gentler shadow run:  
If the soul had free election  
To dispose of her affection,  
I would not thus long have born  
Haughty *Sacharissa*'s scorn;  
But 'tis sure some power above,  
Which controuls our will in love.

If

If not love, a strong desire  
 To create and spread that fire  
 In my breast, solicites me  
 Beauteous *Amoret*, for thee.

'Tis amazement, more than love  
 Which her radiant eyes do move ;  
 If less splendor wait on thine,  
 Yet they so benignly shine,

I would turn my dazelled sight  
 To behold their milder light,  
 But as hard 'tis to destroy  
 That high flame, as to enjoy ;  
 Which, how easily I may do  
 Heaven ( as easily scal'd ) do'es know.  
*Amoret* as sweet and good  
 As the most delicious food,

Which



Which but tasted dos impart  
Life and gladness to the heart,  
*Sacharissa's* beauty's wine,

Which to madness doth incline ;

Such a liquor as no brain

That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to Heaven excuse

That Devotion which I use

Unto that adored Dame ;

For 'tis not unlike the same

Which I thither ought to send ;

So that if it could take end

'Twould to Heaven it self be due

To succeed her, and not you,

Who already have of me

All that's not Idolatry ;

Which though not so fierce a flame

Is longer like to be the same.

Then

Then smile on me, and I will prove,  
 Wonder is shorter liv'd, than Love.

---

*On the head of a Stag.*

**S**O we some antick *Hero's* strength  
 Learn by his Launces weight and length ;  
 As these vast beams exprefs the beaft,  
 Whose shady brows alive they drest ;  
 Such game, while yet the world was new,  
 The mighty *Nimrod* did purfue.  
 What Huntsman of our feeble race,  
 Or dogs dare fuch a monster chafe ?  
 Refembling with each blow he strikes  
 The charge of a whole troop of Pikes.  
 O fertile head, which every year  
 Could fuch a crop of wonder bear !  
 The teeming earth did never bring  
 So foon, fo hard, fo huge a thing ;

VVhich

Which might it never have been cast,  
Each years growth added to the last;  
These lofty branches had suppli'd  
The Earths bold sons prodigious pride;  
Heaven with these engines had been scal'd,  
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

---

*To a Lady in a Garden.*

**S**EES not my love how Time resumes  
The glory which he lent these flowers;  
Though none should taste of their perfumes,  
Yet must they live but some few hours,  
Time what we forbear devours.

Had *Hellen*, or th' Egyptian Queen,  
Been nere so thrifty of their graces,  
Those beauties must at length have been

The spoyle of Age which findes out faces

In the the most retired places.

Should

Should some malignant Planet bring  
 A barren drought, or ceaseless shower  
 Upon the Autumn, or the Spring,  
 And spare us neither fruit nor flower,  
 Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of loves neglect  
 Preserve you from the violation  
 Of coming years, then more respect  
 Were due to so divine a fashion,  
 Nor would I indulge my passion.

---

*The Misers speech in a Mask.*

**B**alls of this metall slack'd *Alant's* pace  
 And on the amorous youth bestow'd the race;  
*Venus*, the Nymphs minde measuring by her own;  
 Whom the rich spoyles of Cities overthrown  
 Had prostrated to *Mars*, could well advise  
 Th' adventrous lover how to gain the prize:  
 Nor

Nor less may *Jupiter* to gold ascribe,  
For when he turn'd himself into a bribe  
Who can blame *Danae*, or the brazen tow'r,  
That they with stood not that Almighty show'r?  
Never till then, did love make *Jove* put on  
A form more bright, and nobler than his own;  
Nor were it just would he resume that shape  
That slack devotion should his thunder scape.  
Twas not revenge for griev'd *Apollos* wrong  
Those asses ears on *Mida's* Temples hung,  
But fond repentance of his happy wish,  
Because his meat grew metall like his dish.  
VVould *Bacchus* blefs me so, Ide constant hold  
Unto my wish, and dye creating gold.

To

*On the friendship betwixt two Ladies.*

**T**ELL me lovely loving pair,  
VVhy so kind, and so severe ?

VVhy so careless of our care,  
Only to your selves so dear ?

By this cunning change of hearts,  
You the power of Love controul;  
VVhile the Boys deluded darts,  
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast  
Still beguiled Love does come,  
VVhere he findes a forein guest;  
Neither of your hearts at home:

Debtors thus with like designe,  
VVhen they never mean to pay,

That

That they may the law decline,  
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver Doves that flie,  
Yoak't in *Citharea's* Car,  
Not the wings that lift so high,  
And convey her Son so far,  
Are so lovely, sweet and fair,  
Or do more ennoble love,  
Are so choicely matcht a pair,  
Or with more consent do move.

---

*Of her Chamber.*

**T**hey tast of Death that do at Heaven arrive,  
But we this Paradise approach Alive.  
Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike,  
And renders all within these walls alike:

E

The

The high in titles, and the shepherd here  
 Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear :  
 All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the fair,  
 Lose thought of what themselves, or others are ;  
 Ambition lose, and have no other scope,  
 Save *Carliles* favour to imploy their hope.  
 The Thracian could (though all those tales were true  
 The bold Greeks tell ) no greater wonders do ;  
 Before his feet, so Sheep and Lions lay  
 Fearless and wrathless, while they heard him play ;  
 The Gay, the Wise, the Gallant, and the Grave,  
 Subdu'd alike, all, but one passion have :  
 No worthy minde but findes in hers there is  
 Something proportion'd to the rule of his :  
 Whilest she with cheerfull, but impartial grace,  
 ( Born for no one, but to delight the race  
 Of men ) like *Phæbus*, so divides her light,  
 And warms us, that, she stoops not from her height.

of



*Of loving at first sight.*

**N**ot caring to observe the winde,  
Or the new Sea explore,  
Snatch't from my self, how far behind,  
Already I behold the shore.

May not a thousand dangers sleep  
In the smooth bosome of this deep?  
No: 'tis so rockless, and so clear,  
That the rich bottomic does appear  
Pav'd all with pretious things not torn  
From shipwrackt vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace;  
Which time and use are wont to teach,  
The eye may in a moment reach,  
And read distinctly in her face.

E 2

Some

Some other Nymph with colours faint,  
 And pencil flow may *Cupid* paint,  
 And a weak heart in time destroy ;  
 She has a stamp, and prints the Boy,  
 Can with a single look inflame  
 The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

---

*The self Banished.*

**I**T is not that I love you less  
 Than when before your feet I lay :  
 But to prevent the sad encrease  
 Of hopeless love, I keep away.  
 In vain ( alas ) for every thing  
 Which I have known belong to you ,  
 Your form does to my fancy bring,  
 And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who

Who in the Spring from the new Sun,  
Already has a Feavor got,  
Too late begins those shafts to shun,  
Which *Phœbus* through his veins has shot;

Too late he would the pain assuage,  
And to thick shadows does retire;  
About with him he bears the rage,  
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must  
Your banish'd servant trouble you;  
For if I break, you may mistrust  
The vow I made to love you too.

---

SONG.

GO lovely Rose,  
Tell her that waits her time and me,

That now she knows  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In desarts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retir'd;  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer her self to be desir'd,  
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she,  
The common fate of all things rare,  
May read in thee

How

How small a part of time they share,  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

---

*Thirsis, Galatea.*

*Th.* **A**S lately I on Silver Thames did ride,  
Sad *Galatea*, on the bank I spy'd:  
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine,  
And thus she grac'd me with a voice divine.

(well  
*Gal.* You that can tune your sounding strings so  
Of Ladies beauties, and of love to tell;  
Once change your note, and let your Lute report  
The justest grief that ever touch't the Court.

*Th.* Fair Nymph, I have in your delights no share,  
Nor ought to be concerned in your care:  
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew,  
And to my aid invoke no Muse but you:

E 4

Hear

*Gal.* Hear then, and let your song augment our  
Which is so great, as not to wish relief : (grief,

She that had all which Nature gives or Chance,  
Whom Fortune joy'n'd with Virtue to advance,  
To all the joyes this Island could afford  
The greatest Mistris, and the kindest Lord :  
Who with the Royal mixt her Noble blood,  
And in high grace with *Gloriana* stood,  
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness such,  
That none e're thought her happiness too much :  
So well inclin'd her favors to confer,  
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her,  
The Virgins part, the Mother, and the Wife,  
So well she acted in this span of life ,  
That though few years ( too few alas ) she told,  
She seem'd in all things but in Beauty old.  
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave  
Close to the Tree, which grieves no less to leave

The

The smiling pendant which adorns her so,  
And untill Autumn, on the Bough should grow :  
So seem'd her youthfull soul not easily forc't,  
Or from so fair, so sweet a seat divorc't :  
Her fate at once did hasty seem and flow,  
At once too cruel and unwilling too.

7b. Under how hard a law are mortals born,  
Whom now we Envy we anon must Mourn :  
What Heaven sets highest, and seems most to prize,  
Is soon removed from our wondring eyes :  
But since the Sisters did so soon untwine  
So fair a thread, I'll strive to pcece the line.  
Vouchsafe sad Nymph to let me know the Dame,  
And to the Muses I'll commend her name,  
Make the wide Country eccho to your moan,  
The listning Trees and savage Mountains groan :  
What Rock's not moved when the death is sung  
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young ?  
'Twas

*Gal.* 'Twas *Hamilton* whom I had nam'd before,  
But naming her, Grief lets me say no more.

---

## The Battell of the *Summer Islands*.

### Cant. I.

*What fruits they have, and how heaven smiles  
Upon those late discovered Isles.*

**A**ld me *Bellona* while the dreadfull fight  
Betwixt a Nation, and two *Whales* I write :  
Seas stain'd with goar, I sing, advent'rous toyl,  
And how these Monsters did disarm an Isle.

*Bermudas* wall'd with Rocks, who does not know  
That happy Island where huge Lemons grow,  
And Orange Trees which golden fruit do bear,  
Th'*Hesperian* Garden boasts of none so fair ?  
VWhere shining Pearl, Coral, and many a pound  
On the rich shore, of *Amber-greece* is found :

The



*upon several occasions.*

39

The lofty Cedar which to Heaven aspires,  
The Prince of Trees, is fuel for their fires :  
The smok by which their loaded spits do turn,  
For incense might, on sacred Altars burn.  
There privat roofs on od'rous timber born,  
Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn :  
The sweet *Palmettas*, a new *Bacchus* yield  
VVith leaves as ample as the broadest shield :  
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs  
They sit carrowling, where their liquor grows :  
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow ,  
Such as fierce *Cato* did the Romans show,  
VVith the rare fruit inviting them to spoyl  
*Carthage* the mistress of so rich a soyl :  
The naked rocks are not unfruitfull there,  
But at some constant seasons every year ,  
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,  
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd :  
Tobacco

Tobacco is the worst of things which they  
 To English Land-lords as their Tribute pay :  
 Such is the mould, that the blest Tenant feeds  
 On pretious fruits, and payes his rent in weeds :

{ With candid Plantines, and the jacy Pine,  
 { On choicest Melons and sweet Grapes they dine,  
 { And with Potatoes fat their wanton Swine :

Nature these Cates with such a lavish hand  
 Pours out among them, that our coarser Land  
 Tastes of that bounty, and does Cloath return,  
 Which not for Warmth, but Ornament is worn :

For the kind Spring which but salutes us here  
 Inhabits there, and courts them all the year :

Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same Trees live,  
 At once they promise what at once they give,  
 So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,  
 None sickly lives, or dies before his time.

Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurs'd

To

To shew how all things were created first. †  
The tardy plants in our cold Orchards plac't,  
Reserve their fruits, for the next ages taste :  
There a small grain in some few moneths will be  
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious Tree :  
The *Palma Christi*, and the fair *Papah*,  
Now but a seed ( preventing Natures law )  
In half the circle of the hasty year  
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear :  
And as their Trees in our dull Region set  
But faintly grow, and no perfection get ;  
So in this Northern tract our hoarser throats  
Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes,  
Where the supporter of the Poets stile ,  
*Phœbus* on them eternally does smile.  
O how I long my careless limbs do lay  
Under the Plantanes shade, and all the day  
With am'rous aires my fancy entertain ,

Invoke

Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein !  
 No passion there in my free breast should move,  
 None but the sweet and best of passions Love :  
 There while I sing, if gentle Love be by  
 That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings so high ;  
 With the sweet sound of *Sacharißa's* name,  
 I'll make the listning savages grow tame.

But while I do these pleasing dreams indite;  
 I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

## Canto II.

*Of their alarm, and how their foes  
 Discovered were, this Canto shows.*

**T**Hough Rocks so high about this Iland rise;  
 That well they may the num'rous Turk despise;  
 Yet is no humane fate exempt from fear  
 Which shakes their hearts, while through the Ile they  
(hear  
A

*upon several occasions.* 63

A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud  
As thunder makes, before it breaks the cloud.  
Three days they dread this murmur, e're they know  
From what blind cause th'unwonted sound may grow:  
At length two Monsters of unequal size,  
Hard by the shore, a fisher-man espies;  
Two mighty Whales, which swelling Seas had tost,  
And left them prisoners on the rocky coast;  
One as a Mountain vast, and with her came  
A Cub not much inferior to his Dam:  
Here in a pool among the Rocks engag'd,  
They roar'd like Lions, caught in toyls and rag'd:  
The man knew what they were, who heretofore  
Had seen the like lye murdered on the shore,  
By the wild fury of some tempest cast  
The fate of ships and shipwrackt men to tast;  
As careless dames whom wine and sleep betray  
To frantick dreams their Infants overlay:

So

So there sometimes the raging Ocean fails,  
 And her own brood exposes, when the Whales  
 Against sharp Rocks like reeling vessels quash't,  
 Though huge as Mountains, are in pieces dash't;  
 Along the shore their dreadfull limbs lie scatter'd;  
 Like Hills with Earthquaks shaken, torn & shatter'd:  
 Hearts sure of brass they had who tempted first,  
 Rude Seas that spare not what themselves have nurst.

The welcome news through all the Nation spread,  
 To sudden joy and hope converts their dread.  
 What lately was their publick terror, they  
 Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;  
 Dispose already of th'untaken spoyl,  
 And as the purchase of their future toyl,  
 These share the bones, and they divide the Oyl;  
 So was the Huntsman by the Bear oppress'd,  
 Whose hide he sold before he caught the beast.

They

*upon several occasions.*

63

They man their Boats; and all their young men arm  
With whatsoever may the Monsters harm;  
Pikes, Holberts, Spits, and Darts that wound so far;  
The Tools of Peace, and Instruments of War:  
Now was the time for vig'rous lads to show  
What love or honor could invite them too;  
A goodly Theatre where Rocks are round  
With reverend age, and lovely lasses crown'd:  
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair  
Within the bounds of noble *Warwick's* share;  
*Warwick's* bold Earl, than which no title bears  
A greater sound among our British Peers;  
And worthy he the memory to renew,  
The fate and honor, to that title due;  
Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name;  
And through the new world spread his growing fame.  
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd;  
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

F

Canto

## Canto III.

*The bloody fight, successless toyl,*

*And how the fishes sack'd the Isle.*

**T**He Boat which on the first assault did go  
 Struck with a harping Iron the younger fo;  
 Who when he felt his side so rudely goar'd  
 Loud as the Sea that nourish't him he roar'd;  
 As a broad Bream to please some curious tast,  
 While yet alive in boyling water cast,  
 Vex't with unwonted heat, boyls, flings about  
 The scorching brags, and hurls the liquor out:  
 So with the barbed Javeling stung, he raves,  
 And scourges with his tayl the suffering wayes:  
 Like *Spencer's Talus* with his iron flayl,  
 He threatens ruine with his pondrous tayl;  
 Dissolving



Dissolving at one strok the battered Boar,  
And down the men fall drenched in the Moat :  
With every fierce encounter they are forc't  
To quit their Boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The bigger Whale like some huge Carrack lay,  
Which wanteth Sea room, with her foes to play;  
Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she wou'd  
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mudd;  
The shallow water doth her force infringe,  
And renders vain her tails impetuous swinge,  
The shining steel her tender sides receive,  
And there like Bees they all their weapons leave.

This sees the Cub, and does himself oppose  
Betwixt his cumbred mother and her foes :  
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,  
And men and boats his active tayl confounds.  
Their forces joyn'd, the Seas with billows fill,  
And make a tempest, though the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey  
 Be well content, and with this Cub away :  
 Their wish they have, he to direct his dam  
 Unto the gap through which they thither came,  
 Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake,  
 A pris'ner there, but for his mothers sake.  
 She by the Rocks compell'd to stay behind,  
 Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.  
 They shout for joy, and now on her alone  
 Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown,  
 Their Lances spent ; one bolder than the rest  
 With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast :  
 Her oily side devours both blad and heft,  
 And there his Steel the bold Bermudian left.  
 Courage the rest from his example take,  
 And now they change the colour of the lake :  
 Blood flows in Rivers from her wounded side,  
 As if they would prevent the tardy tide ;  
 And

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 And

*upon several occasions.* 69

And raise the flood to that propitious height,  
As might convey her from this fatal streight.  
She swims in blood, and blood do's spouting throw  
To Heaven, that Heaven mens cruelties might know.  
Their fixed Javelins in her side she wears,  
And on her back a grove of pikes appears.  
You would have thought had you the monster seen  
Thus drest, she had another Island been:  
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,  
(As well resembled the conspiring voice  
Of routed Armies, when the field is won)  
To reach the ears of her escaped son.  
He (though a league removed from the foe)  
Hastes to her aid, the pious Trojan so  
Neglecting for *Crensus* life his own,  
Repeats the danger of the burning Town;  
The men amazed blush to see the seed  
Of monsters, humane piety exceed,

Well proves this kindness what the Grecians sung,  
That Loves bright mother from the Ocean sprung,  
Their courage droops, and hopeless now they with  
For composition with th'unconquer'd fish:  
So she their weapons would restore again,  
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main,  
But how instructed in each others minde,  
Or what commerce can men with monsters finde?  
Not daring to aproach their wounded fo,  
Whom her couragious son protected so,  
They charge their Muskets, and with hot desire  
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire.  
Standing a looff with lead they bruise the scales,  
And tear the flesh of the incensed Whales,  
But no success their fierce endeavors found,  
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.  
Now to their Fort they are about to send  
For the loud Engines which their Isle defend.

But

*upon several occasions.*

71

But what those pieces fram'd to batter walls  
Would have effected on those mighty Whales,  
Great *Neptune* will not have us know, who sends  
A tyde so high, that it relieves his friends.  
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;  
Much blood the Monsters lost, and they their Arms.

---

*SONG.*

**P**Eace babling Muse,  
I dare not sing what you indite;  
Her eyes refuse  
To read the passion which they write;  
She strikes my Lute, but if it sound,  
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:  
And I no less her anger dread,  
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,  
While some fierce Lion does embrace  
His breathless corps, and licks his face;

F 4

Wrap't

Wrap't up in silent fear he lies,

Torn all in pieces if he cries.

*Of Love.*

**A**nger in hasty words or blows,  
It self discharges on our foes,  
And sorrow too findes some relief,  
In tears which wait upon our grief;  
So every passion, but fond Love,  
Unto its own redress does move,  
But that alone the wretch inclines  
To what prevents his own designs;  
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,  
Disordred, tremble, fawn and creep,  
Postures which render him despis'd,  
Where he endeavours to be priz'd,  
For women born to be controul'd  
Stoop to the forward and the bold,

Affect

*upon several occasions.*

77

Affect the haughty and the proud,  
The gay, the frolick, and the loud;  
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,  
Not kneeling did salute the beast;  
But with high courage life and force  
Approaching tam'd th'unruly horse.  
Unwisely we the wiser East  
Pity, supposing them oppress'd  
VVith Tyrants force, whose law is will,  
By which they govern, spoyl and kill;  
Each Nymph but moderately fair,  
Commands with no less Rigor here.

Should some brave Turk that walks among  
His twenty Lasses bright and young,  
And beckens to the willing Dame  
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,  
Behold as many Gallants here,  
With modest guise, and silent fear,

All

All to one Female Idol bend;  
 Whilest her high pride does fence descend  
 To mark their follies, he would swear  
 That these her guard of Eunuchs were;  
 And that a more Majestique Queen,  
 Or humbler slaves he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,  
 In vain I struggled with the yoke  
 Of mighty love, that conquering look,  
 When next beheld like lightning strook  
 My blasted soul, and made me bow  
 Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall Stag upon the brink  
 Of some smooth stream about to drink,  
 Surveying there is armed head,  
 With shame remembers that he fled  
 The scorned dogs, resolves to try  
 The combate next, but if their cry

Invades



upon several occasions.

77

Invades again his trembling ear,  
He straight resumes his wonted care,  
Leaves the untasted Spring behind,  
And wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

To Phillis.

**P**hillis, why should we delay  
Pleasures shorter than the day,  
Could we ( which we never can )  
Stretch our lives beyond their span,  
Beauty like a shadow flies,  
And our youth before us dies ;  
Or would youth and beauty stay,  
Love hath wings, and will away.  
Love hath swifter wings than Time ;  
Change in love to Heaven does clime ;  
Gods that never change their state,  
Vary oft their love and hate ;

Phillis,

*Phillis*, to this truth we ow,  
 All the love betwixt us two:  
 Let not you and I require,  
 What has been our past desire,  
 On what Shepherds you have smil'd,  
 Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd;  
 Leave it to the Planets too,  
 What we shall hereafter do;  
 For the joys we now may prove,  
 Take advice of present love.

---

*To Phillis*

**P***hillis*, 'twas love that injur'd you,  
 And on that Rock your *Thirsis* threw,  
 Who for proud *Calis* could have dy'd,  
 Whilst you no less accus'd his pride.

Fond Love his darts at random throws,  
 And nothing springs from what he sows,

From

upon several occasions.

77

From foes discharg'd as often meet,  
The shining points of arrows fleet  
In the wide air creating fire;  
As souls that joyn in one desire,

Love made the lovely *Venus* burn  
In vain, and for the cold youth mourn,  
Who the pursure of churlish Beasts  
Preferr'd to sleeping on her Breasts.

Love makes so many hearts the prize,  
Of the bright *Carliles* conquering eyes,  
Which she regards no more than they,  
The tears of lesser beauties weigh:  
So have I seen the lost clouds pour,  
Into the Sea a useles shower,  
And the vext Sailors curse the rain,  
For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain;  
Then *Phillis*, since our passions are  
Govern'd by chance, and not the care

Peace

But

But sport of Heaven, which takes delight  
 To look upon this *Parthian* flight  
 Of Love, still flying or in chase,  
 Never incountring face to face,  
 No more to love weel sacrifice,  
 But to the best of Denies;  
 And let our hearts which love disjoyn'd,  
 By his kind Mother be combin'd.

## SONG.

While I listen to thy voice,  
 (*Chloris*) I feel my life decay,  
 That powerfull noise  
 Calls my flitting soul away,  
 Oh suppress that Magick sound,  
 Which destroyes without a wound.

Peace

*upon several occasions.*

77

Peace *Chloris* peace, or singing die

That together you and I,

To Heaven may go,

For all we know,

Of what the blessed do above

Is, that they sing, and that they love.

*SONG*

**S**tay *Phæbus*, stay,

The world to which you flie so fast,

Conveying day

From us to them, can pay your hast,

With no such object, nor salute your rise

With no such wonder, as *de Mornay's* eyes

Well do's this prove,

The error of those antique books,

Which made you move,

About the world; her charming looks

Would

Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,  
Did not the rowling Earth snatch her away.

To Amoret,

**A** Moret, the milky way,  
Fram'd of many nameless stars,

The smooth stream where none can say,  
He this drop to that prefers;

Amoret, my lovely fo,  
Tell me where thy strength does lie,  
Where the power that charms us so,  
In thy Soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone,  
Or thy grace in motion seen,  
No such wonders could be done;  
Yet thy waist is straight and clean,  
As

As *Cupid's* shaft, or *Hermes* rod,  
And powerfull too, as either God.

---

To my Lord of Falkland.

**B**Rave *Holland* leads, and with him *Falkland* goes,  
Who hears this told, & does not streight suppose  
We send the *Graces* and the *Muses* forth,  
To civilize, and to instruct the North?

Not that these *Ornaments* make swords less sharp;  
*Apollo* wears as well his Bow as Harp;  
And though he be the Patron of that Spring,  
Where in calm peace the sacred *Virgins* sing,  
He courage had to guard th'invaded throne  
Of *Jove*, and cast th'ambitious *Giants* down.

Ah (noble Friend) with what impatience all  
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal  
Of thy great Soul thou art, longing to twist  
Bayes with that *Ivy*, which so early kist

G

Thy

Thy youthfull Temples, with what horror we  
Think on the blind events of war and thee ?  
To Fate exposing that all-knowing breast,  
Among the throng as cheaply as the rest :  
Where Oaks and Brambles ( if the copse be burn'd )  
Confounded lie to the same ashes turn'd :

Some happy wind over the Ocean blow  
This tempest yet, which frights our Island so ;  
Guarded with ships, and all the Sea our own,  
From Heaven this mischief on our heads is thrown,

In a late dream the *genius* of this Land,  
Amaz'd, I saw, like the fair Hebrew stand,  
When first she felt the Twins begin to jar,  
And found her womb the seat of Civil war :  
Inclin'd to whose relief, and with presage  
Of better fortune for the present age,  
Heaven sends, quoth I, this discord for our good,  
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood,

To



To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn  
Of our proud neighbours; who ere long shall mourn,  
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)  
We had occasion to resume our Arms.

A Lion so with self-provoking smart,  
His rebel tail scourging his noble part,  
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,  
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

---

*For drinking of Healths.*

Et Brutes, and Vegetals, that cannot think,  
So far as drought and nature urges, drink :  
A more indulgent Mistress guides our sprights,  
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites,  
She would our care as well as thirst redress;  
And with Divinity rewards excess ;  
Deserted *Ariadne* thus supply'd,  
Did perjur'd *Theseus* cruelty deride;

*Bacchus* imbrac'd from her exalted thought  
 Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault;  
*Bacchus* and *Phœbus* are by *Jove* ally'd,  
 And each by others timely heat supply'd:  
 All that the Grapes ow to his lightning fires,  
 Is paid in numbers which their juice inspires.  
 Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood,  
 To give our Friends a title to our Blood:  
 Who naming me, doth warm his courage so,  
 Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do.

---

*On my Lady Heablla playing on the Lute.*

S Uch moving sounds, from such a careless touch,  
 So unconcern'd her self, and we so much!  
 What Art is this, that with so little pains  
 Transports us thus, and o'r our spirit reigns?  
 The trembling strings about her fingers crow'd,  
 And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:

Small

Small force there needs to make them tremble so,  
 Touch't by that hand who would not tremble too.  
 Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,  
 Empties his quiver on the listning Deer;  
 Musick so softens and disarms the minde,  
 That not an Arrow does resistance find.  
 Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,  
 And acts her self the triumph of her eyes.  
 So *Nero* once, with Harp in hand survey'd  
 His flaming *Rome*, and as it burnt he play'd.

---

*To a Lady singing a Song of his  
 Composing.*

**C**hloris your self you so excel  
 When you vouchsafe to breath my thought,  
 That like a spirit with this spell  
 Of my own teaching I am Caught.

G 3

That

That Eagles fate, and mine are one,  
 Which on the Thaft that made him die,  
 Espy'd a feather of his own  
 Wherewith he wont to fo soar high.  
 Had Eccho with fo sweet a grace,  
*Narciffus* loud complaints return'd,  
 Not for reflexion of his face,  
 But of his voice the Boy had burn'd.

---

*Of the marriage of the Dwarfs.*

**D**Esign, or chance makes others wive,  
 But Nature did this match contrive;  
*Eve* might as well have *Adam* fled,  
 As she deny'd her little Bed  
 To him, for whom Heaven seem'd to frame,  
 And measure out this only Dame.

Thrice

Thrice happy is that humble pair

Beneath the level of all care ;

Over whose heads those arrows flie

Of sad distrust and jealousie ;

Secured in as high extreme,

As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest Nymphs do show

Like moving mountains top't with snow ;

And every Man a *Polipheme*

Does to his *Galatea* seem ;

None may presume her faith to prove,

He profers death that profers love.

Ah (*Chloris*) that kinde nature thus

From all the world had sever'd us,

Creating for our selves us two,

As love has me for only you.

G 4

Loves

*Loves Farewell.*

**T**Reading the path to Nobler ends,  
A long farewell to Love I gave;  
Resolv'd my Country and my Friends  
All that remain'd of me should have;  
And this Resolve no mortal Dame,  
None but those eyes could have o'rthrown.  
The Nymph, I dare not, need not name,  
So high, so like her self alone.  
Thus the tall Oak which now aspires  
Above the fear of private fires,  
Grown, and design'd for nobler use,  
Not to make warm, but build the house,  
Though from our meaner flames secure,  
Must that which falls from heaven endure.

From

*From a Child.*

*Madam,*

**A**S in some Climes the warmer Sun  
 Makes it full Summer ere the Spring's begun,  
 And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,  
 Before our Violets dare look abroad :  
 So measure not by any common use,  
 The early love your brighter eyes produce ;  
 When lately your fair hand in womans weed,  
 Wrap't my glad head, I wish't me so indeed,  
 That hasty time might never make me grow  
 Out of those favours you afford me now ;  
 That I might ever such indulgence finde,  
 And you not blush, or think your self too kind,  
 Who now I fear while I these joyes express,  
 Begin to think how you may make them less ;

The

The sound of love makes your soft heart affraid,  
 And guard it self, though but a child invade,  
 And innocently at your white breast throw  
 A dart as white, a Ball of new falln snow.

*On a Girdle.*

**T**Hat which her slender waste confin'd,  
 Shall now my joyfull temples bind;  
 No Monarch but would give his Crown  
 His Arms might do what this has done.  
 It was my Heavens extreamest Sphere,  
 The Pale which held that lovely Dear;  
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
 Did all within this Circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there  
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:

Give



upon several occasions. 91

Give me but what this Ribban bound,

Take all the rest the Sun goes round,

Should I wish lightning all her way to bind?

The Apology of Sleep:

For not approaching the Lady who can do

any thing but sleep when she pleaseth.

MY charge it is, those breaches to repair

Which nature takes from sorrow, toyl & care.

Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer

On troubled minds; but nought can add to her

Whom heaven & her transcendent thoughts have

Above those ills, which wretched mortals tast. (plac'd

Bright as the deathless gods, and happy she

From all that may infringe delight, is free:

Love at her Royal feet his quiver lays,

And not his Mother with more haſt obeys,

Such

Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,  
What dream can I present to recompence?

Should I with lightning fill her awfull hand,  
And make the clouds seem all at her command;  
Or place her in *Olimpus* top, a guest  
Among th'immortals who with Nectar feast,  
That power would seem, that entertainment short  
Of the true splendor of her present Court;  
Where all the joys and all the glories are  
Of three great Kingdomes, sever'd from the care,  
I that of fumes and humid vapours made,  
Ascending do the seat of sense invade,  
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,  
To over-cast her ever-shining mind,  
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,  
Where flowing *Nilus* want of rain supplies.  
That crySTALL heaven, where *Phœbus* never shrouds  
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds. But

But what so hard which numbers cannot force ?  
So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course.  
The bold *Mæonian* made me dare to sleep  
*Joves* dreadfull temples in the dew of sleep.  
And since the Muses do invoke my power,  
I shall no more decline that sacred bower  
Where *Gloriana* their great mistress lyes,  
But gently taming those victorious eyes,  
Charm all her senses ; till the joyfull Sun  
Without a rival half his course has run :  
Who while my hand that fairer light confines  
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

---

*At Pens-burst.*

While in the Park I sing, the listning Deer  
Attend my passion, and forget to fear.  
When to the Beeches I report my flame,  
They bow their heads as if they felt the same :

To

To Gods appealing, when I reach their bows,  
 With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.  
 To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,  
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven,  
 Loves foe protest, why dost thou falsely feign  
 Thy self a *Sidney*? from which noble strain  
 He sprung, that could so far exalt the name  
 Of Love, and warm our Nation with his flame,  
 That all we can of love or high desire,  
 Seems but the smoak of amorous *Sidneys* fire.  
 Nor call her mother, who so well do's prove,  
 One breast may hold both Chastity and Love.  
 Never can she, that so exceeds the spring  
 In joy and bounty, be suppos'd to bring  
 One so destructive; to no humane stock  
 We owe this fierce unkindness; but the rock,  
 That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side  
 Nature to recompence the fatal pride

Of such stern beauty, plac'd those healing springs  
Which not more help than that destruction brings.  
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,  
I might like *Orpheus* with my numerous moan  
Melt to compassion; now my traitrous song,  
With thee conspires to do the Singer wrong:  
While thus I suffer not my self to lose  
The memory of what augments my woes:  
But with my own breath still foment the fire  
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire.

This last complaint th' indulgent ears did peirce  
Of just *Apollo*, President of Verse,  
Highly concerned, that the Muse should bring  
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:  
Thus he advis'd me, on you aged tree,  
Hang up thy Lute, and hie thee to the Sea,  
That there with wonders thy diverted mind  
Some truce at least may with this passion find.

Ah

Ah cruel Nymph from whom her humble swain  
 Flies for relief unto the raging main ;  
 And from the windes and tempests do's expect  
 A milder fate than from her cold neglect :  
 Yet there he'l pray that the unkind may prove  
 Blest in her choice, and vows this endless love  
 Springs from no hope of what she can confer,  
 But from those gifts which heaven has heap'd on her.

---

*Another.*

**H**Ad *Sachariffa* liv'd when mortals made  
 Choice of their Deities, this sacred shade  
 Had held an altar to her power that gave  
 The peace and glory which these allays have  
 Embroydred so with flowers where she stood,  
 That it became a garden of a wood :  
 Her presence has such more than humane grace  
 That it can civilize the rudest place,  
 And

And beauty too, and order can impart,  
Where Nature here intended it, nor Art.  
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire  
No less than those of old did *Orpheus* Liré:  
If she sit down, with tops all towards her bow'd,  
They round about her into arbours crowd;

Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand  
Like some well marshall'd and obsequious band:  
*Amphion* so made stones and timber leap  
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:  
And in the symmetry of her parts is found  
A power like that of harmony in sound.

Yee lofty beeches tell this matchless dame;  
That if together ye fed all on one flame,  
It could not equalize the hundredth part  
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.  
Go Boy and carve this passion on the bark  
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark

H

of

Of noble *Sidney's* birth; when such benign,  
 Such more than mortal making stars did shine;  
 That there they cannot but for ever prove  
 The monument and pledge of humble love:  
 His humble love, whose hope shall nere rise higher  
 Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

---

*To my Lord of Leiceſter.*

**N**ot that thy trees at Penſ-huſt groan  
 Oppreſſed with their timely load,  
 And ſeem to make their ſilent moan,  
 That their great Lord is now abroad:  
 They to delight his taſte or eye  
 Would ſpend themſelves in fruit and dye.

Not that thy harmleſs Deer repine,  
 And think themſelves unjuſtly ſlain  
 By any other hand than thine,  
 Whoſe arrows they would gladly ſtain:

No



No nor thy friends which hold too dear  
That peace with *France* which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause,  
Which now exacts your presence here,  
Wherein there meet the divers laws  
Of publick and domestick care.

For one bright Nymph our youth contends;  
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of *Thetis* Sun,  
For which such stern debate did rise;  
That the Great *Ajax Telamon*  
Refus'd to live without the prize,

Those Achive Peers did more engage;  
Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty which begun  
To warm us so when thou wert here,

H :

Now

Now scorches like the raging Sun

When *Syrinx* does first appear.

O fix this flame, and let despair

Redeem the rest from endless care!

*To a very young Lady.*

**W**hy came I so untimely forth  
Into a world which wanting thee

Could entertain us with no worth

Or shadow of felicity?

That time should me so far remove

From that which I was born to love.

Yet fairest blossom do not flight

That age which you may know so soon;

The rosie Morn resigns her light,

And milder glory to the Noon:

And then what wonders shall you do,

Wose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope

*upon several occasions.* 101

Hope waits upon the flowry prime,  
And Summer though it be less gay,  
Yet is not look't on as a time  
Of declination or decay.  
For with a full hand that do's bring  
All that was promis'd by the Spring.

---

SONG.

S Ay lovely dream, where couldst thou find  
Shades to counterfeit that face?  
Colours of this glorious kind,  
Come not from any mortal place.  
In heaven it self thou sure wer't drest  
With that Angel-like disguise;  
Thus deluded am I blest,  
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah this Image is too kind

To be other than a dream !

Cruel *Sacharissa's* minde

Never put on that sweet extreme.

Fair dream if thou intend'st me grace

Change that heavenly face of thine ;

Paint despis'd love in thy face,

And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meager let it look,

With a pity-moving shape,

Such as wander by the brook

Of *Lethe*, or from graves escape,

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,

In whose shape thou shinest so,

Softly in her sleeping ear,

With humble words express my wo.

Perhaps

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,

Thus surpris'd she may fall :

Sleep does disproportion hide,

And death resembling equals all.

---

*S O N G.*

---

**B**Ehold the brand of beauty tost ;  
See how the motion does dilate the flame :

Delighted love his spoils does boast,

And triumph in this game.

Fire to no place confin'd,

Is both our wonder and our fear,

Moving the mind,

As lightning hurried through the air.

High heaven the glory does encrease

Of all her shining lamps this artfull way,

H 4

The

The Sun in figures such as these  
 Joyes with the Moon to play.  
 To the sweet strains they advance,  
 Which do result from their own spheres  
 As this Nymphs dance,  
 Moves with the numbers which she hears.

---

*On the discovery of a Ladies Painting.*

**P**igmaleons fate revert is mine,  
 His marble love took flesh and blood;  
 All that I worship'd as divine  
 That beauty now 'tis understood,  
 Appears to have no more of life  
 Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.  
 As women yet who apprehend  
 Some sudden cause of causeless fear,  
 Although

upon several occasions.

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Although that seeming cause take end,

And they behold no danger near,

A shaking through their limbs they find

Like leaves saluted by the wind :

So though the beauty, do appear

No beauty, which amaz'd me so,

Yet from my breast I cannot tear

The passion which from thence did grow,

Nor yet out of my fancy raise

The print of that supposed face.

A real beauty though too neer,

The fond *Narcissus* did admire ;

I dote on that which is no where,

The sign of beauty feeds my fire ;

No mortal flame was ere so cruel

As this, which thus survives the fuel.

---

*To a Lady from whom he received a  
Silver Pen.*

*Madam,*

**I**Ntending to have tride  
The silver favor which you gave,  
In ink the shining point I di'd,  
And drencht it in the sable wave :  
When griev'd to be so foully stain'd,  
On you it thus to me complain'd,  
Suppose you had deserv'd to take  
From her fair hand so fair a boon,  
Yet how deserved I to make  
So ill a change, who ever woon  
Immortal praise for what I wrought,  
Instructed by her noble thought.



*upon several occasions.*

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I that expressed her commands

To mighty Lords and Princely Dames,

Alwayes most wellcome to their hands,

Proud that I would record their names,

Must now be taught an humble stile

Some meaner beauty to beguile.

So I the wronged pen to please,

Make it my humble thanks express

Unto your Ladiship in these,

And now 'tis forced to confess

That your great self did nere indite,

Nor that to one more noble write,

---

*On a brede of divers colours, woven by*

*four Ladies.*

**T**Wice twenty slender Virgin fingers twine

This curious web where all their fancies shine;

As

As Nature them, so they this shade have wrought  
 Soft as their hands, and various as their thought,  
 Not *Juno's* bird when his fair train dispread,  
 He woos the Female to his painted bed;  
 No not the bow which so adorns the skies,  
 So glorious is, or boasts so many dyes.

*To my Lord of Northumberland upon the  
 death of his Lady.*

**T**O this great loss a Sea of Tears is due,  
 But the whole debt not to be paid by you:  
 Charge not your self with all, nor render vain  
 Those showers the eyes of us your servants rain.  
 Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart,  
 In which, nor fear nor anger has a part?  
 Virtue would blush, if time should boast (which dries  
 Her sole child dead the tender Mothers eyes)

Your

Your minds relief, where reason triumphs so  
Over all passions, that they nere could grow  
Beyond their limits in your noble breast,  
To harm another or impeach your rest.  
This we observ'd; delighting to obey  
One who did never from his great self stray :  
Whose mild example seem'd to engage  
Th'obsequious Seas, and teach them not to rage.  
The brave *Emilius* his great tharge laid down,  
(The force of *Rome*, and fate of *Macedon*)  
In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke  
Of changing fortune; and thus highly spoke  
Before *Rome's* people : We did oft implore  
That if the Heavens had any bad in store  
For your *Emilius*, they would pour that ill  
On his own House, and let yours flourish still :  
You on the barren Sea ( my Lord ) have spent,  
Whole Springs and Summers to the publick lent :  
Suspended

Suspended all the pleasures of your life,  
And shortned the short joy of such a wife:  
For which your Countrey's more obliged then;  
For many lives of old, less happy men.  
You that have sacrific'd so great a part  
Of youth and private blifs, ought to impart  
Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right  
As well in your affliction, as delight:  
Then with *Emilian* courage bear this cross,  
Since publick persons only publick loss  
Ought to affect, and though her form and youth,  
Her application to your will and truth,  
That noble sweetness, and that humble state  
All snatcht away by such a hasty fate,  
Might give excuse to any common brest,  
With the huge weight of so just grief oppress'd;  
Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd  
With passion, but your character maintain'd

To

To the last act ; it is enough her Stone  
May honored be with superscription  
Of the sole Lady, who had power to move  
The Great *Northumberland* to grieve and love.

---

*To my Lord Admiral of his late Sicknes  
and recovery.*

With joy like ours the Thracian youth invades  
*Orpheus* returning from th' *Elizian* shades,  
Embrace the *Hero*, and his stay employ,  
Make it their publick sure, he would no more  
Desert them so, and for his spouses sake,  
His vanish't love, tempt the *Lethæan* lake :  
The Ladies too the brightest of that time,  
Ambitious all his lofty bed to clime,  
Their doubtfull hopes with expectation feed  
Who shall the fair *Euridice* succeed :

*Euridice*

*Euridice* for whom his num'rous moan  
 Makes lifting trees, and salvage mountains groan:  
 Through all the air his sounding strings dilate  
 Sorrow like that which touch our hearts of late  
 Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,  
 At once the Land affecting, and the main,  
 When the glad news that you were Admiral,  
 Scarce through the Nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all,  
 That our Great *Charls*, whose wisdom shines in you,  
 Would be perplexed how to chuse a new.  
 So more than private was the joy and grief,  
 That at the worst, it gave our souls relief:  
 That in our age such sense of vertue liv'd,  
 They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd:  
 Nature her fairest lights eclipsed, seems  
 Her self to suffer in those sharp extremes;  
 While not from thine alone thy blood retires,  
 But from those cheeks which all the world admires.

The

The stem thus threatned, and the sap in thee,  
 Droop all the branches of that noble Tree :  
 Their beauty they, and we our loves suspend,  
 Nought can our wishes, save thy health intend :  
 As Lillies overcharg'd with rain they bend  
 Their beauteous heads, & with high heaven contend  
 Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry  
 He is too faultless and too young to dye :  
 So like immortals round about thee they  
 Sit, that they fright approaching death away :  
 Who would not languish by so fair a train,  
 To be lamented and restor'd again ?  
 Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,  
 Though to the blest ? ore her *Adonis* so  
 Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the pretious showr  
 Of her warm tears cherish't the springing flower.

The next support fair hope of your great name,  
 And second pillar of that noble frame,

I

By

By loss of thee would no advantage have;  
But step by step pursues thee to the grave.

And now relentless fate, about to end  
The line which backward does so far extend,  
That antick stock which still the world supplies  
With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes,  
Kind *Phœbus* interposing bid me say  
Such storms no more shall shake that house; but they,  
Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-born Niece, shall be  
The shining glories of the Land and Sea:  
With courage guard, and beauty warm our age,  
And lovers fill with like Poetick rage.

---

*A la Malade.*

AH lovely *Amoret*, the care  
Of all that know whats good or fair,  
Is Heaven become our Rival too?  
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you,

So



So amply thence the common end,

Of giving to Lovers, to pretend,

Hence to this pining sickness (meant

To weary thee to a consent

Of leaving us) no power is given,

Thy beauties to impair, for heaven

Solicites thee with such a care,

As Roses from their stalks we rare,

When we would still preserve them new,

And fresh as on the bush they grew.

With such a grace you entertain,

And look with such contempt on pain,

That languishing you conquer more,

And wound us deeper than before.

So lightnings which in storms appear,

Scorch more than when the skies are clear;

And as pale sickness does invade

Your frailer part, the breaches made

In that fair lodgings, still more clear  
 Mak the bright ghest, your soul appear.  
 So Nymphs ore pathless mountains born,  
 Their light robes by the brambles torn  
 From their fair limbs, exposing new  
 And unknown beauties to the view  
 Of following gods, increase their flame,  
 And hast to catch the flying Game.

---

*Of the Queen.*

**T**He Lark that thuns on lofty boughs to build  
 Her humble Nest, lies silent in the Field ;  
 But if the promise of a cloudless day,  
*Aurora* smiling, bids her rise and play,  
 Then straight she shews twas not for want of voice,  
 Or power to climb, she made so low a choice :  
 Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretcht  
 Towards heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetcht.  
 So

So we retiring from the busie throng,  
Use to restrain th'ambition of our song;  
But since the light which now informs our age  
Breaks from the court indulgent to her rage,  
Thither my Muse, like bold *Prometheus* flies  
To light her torch at *Gloriana's* eyes.

Those sovereign beams which heal the wounded  
And all our eares, but once beheld controul; (soul,  
There the poor lover that has long endur'd  
Some proud Nymphs scorn, of his fond passion cur'd,  
Fares like the man who first upon the ground  
A glow-worm spy'd, supposing he had found  
A moving Diamoud, a breathing stone  
(For life it had, and like those jewels shone :)  
He held it dear, till by the springing day  
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the lover as we gangrenes stay,  
By cutting hope, like a lop't limb, away:  
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse  
High heaven, and these expostulations use:  
Could nature then no private woman grace  
( Whom we might dare to love ) with such a face,  
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,  
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies ?  
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,  
What envious power has plac'd this glorious light ?

Thus in a stary night fond children cry  
For the rich spangles that adorn the skie,  
Which though they shine for ever fixed there,  
With light and influence relieve us here.  
All her affections are to one enclin'd,  
Her bounty and compassion to mankind :  
To whom while she so far extends her grace,  
She makes but good the promise of her face :

For

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For mercy has (could mercies self be seen)

No sweeter look than this propitious Queen;

Such guard and comfort the distressed find

From her large power, and from her larger minde,

That whom ill fate would ruine, it prefers;

For all the miserable are made hers.

So the fair tree whereon the Eagle builds,

Poor sheep from tempest, & their shepherd shields:

The Royal bird possesses all the bows,

But shade and shelter to the flock allows.

Joy of our age, and safety of the next,

For which so oft thy fertile womb is vext:

Nobly contented, for the publick good

To waite thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood:

What vast hopes may these Islands entertain,

Where Monarchs thus descended are to reign?

Led by Commanders of so fair a line,  
Our Seas no longer shall our power confine.

A brave Romance who would exactly frame,  
First brings his Knight from some immortal Dame;  
And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,  
Bright as his mothers eyes he makes him wield.  
None might the mother of *Achilles* be,  
But the fair Pearl, and glory of the Sea;  
The man to whom great *Maro* gives such fame  
From the high bed of heavenly *Venus* came;  
And our next *Charls*, (whom all the stars design  
Like wonders to accomplish) springs from thine.

---

*Upon the death of my Lady Rich.*

**M**ay those already curst *Essexian* plains,  
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns,  
Prove all a Desert, and none there make stay,  
But savage Beasts, or men as wild as they.

Their

*upon several occasions.* 425

There the fair light which all our Island grac'd,  
Like *Hero's* taper in the window plac'd,  
Such fate from the malignant air did find,  
As that exposed to the boisterous wind.

Alas! Heaven to snatch so soon away  
Her, for whose life had we had time to pray,  
With thousand vovves & tears we should have sought,  
That sad decrees suspension to have wrought.  
But we (alas) no whisper of her pain,  
Heard till 'twas sin to wish her here again.  
That horrid word at once like lightning spread,  
Strook all our ears; The Lady *Rich* is dead.  
Heart rending news, and dreadfull to those few  
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue.  
That death should licence have to rage among  
The fair, the wise, the vertuous, and the young.

The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce battell born,  
With goared hand and veil so rudely torn,  
Like

Like terrors did among th'immortals breed,  
 Taught by her wound that Goddesses might bleed:  
 All stand amazed, but beyond the rest  
 Th'heroique Dame whole happy womb she blest,  
 Mov'd with just grief expostulates with Heaven,  
 Urging the promise to the obsequious given,  
 Of longer life, for nere was pious soul  
 More apt t'obey, more worthy to controul.  
 A skilfull eye at once might read the race  
 Of Caledonian Monarchs in her face,  
 And sweet humility, her look and minde,  
 At once were lofty and at once were kind.  
 There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too  
 For those that did what she disdain'd to do:  
 So gentle and severe, that what was bad  
 At once her hatted and her pardon had.  
 Gracious to all, but where her love was due,  
 So fast, so faithfull, loyal, and so true,  
 .. That



*upon several occasions.* 123

That a bold hand as soon might hope to force  
The rouling lightes of Heaven, as change her course?

Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,  
Instruct us to record what she was here:

And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,  
Through the wide world weel make her graces known.

So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,  
That all our art and power of speech is waste.

Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise  
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

Their our delight complying with her fame,  
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,

Fair *Sacharissa*, and now only fair,  
To sacred friendship weel an Altar rear:

Such as the Romans did erect of old,  
Where on a marble pillar shall be told

The lovely passion each to other bare,  
With the resemblance of that matchless pair.

*Narcissus*

*Narcissus* to the thing for which he pin'd,  
 Was not more like than yours to her fair mind :  
 Save that you grac'd the several parts of life,  
 A spotless Virgin, and a faultless wife :  
 Such was the sweet converse 'twix her and you,  
 As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is hope, and how regardless fate,  
 That such a love should have so short a date,  
 Lately I saw her sighing, part from thee  
 ( Alas that that the last farewell should be ! )  
 So look't *Africa*, her remove design'd,  
 On those distressed friends she left behind :  
 Consent in virtue, knit your hearts so fast,  
 That still the knot, in spite of death does last :  
 For as your tears and sorrow-wounded soul  
 Prove well that on your part this bond is whole :  
 So all we know of what they do above,  
 Is, that they happy are, and that they love ;

Let

Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave  
Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have:  
Well chosen love is never taught to die;  
But with our nobler part invades the skie:  
Then greive no more, that one so heavenly shap'd  
The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd;  
Rather since we beheld her not decay,  
But that she vanish'd so entire away.  
Her wondrous beauty and her goodness merit,  
We should suppose that some propitious spirit,  
In that celestial form frequented here,  
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

---

*To the Queen-Mother of France upon  
Landing.*

**G**REAT *Queen of Europe* where thy off-spring wears  
All the chief Crowns, where Princes are thy heirs.  
As

As welcome thou to Sea-girt *Britains* shore,  
 As erst *Latona* ( who fair *Cynthia* bore )  
 To *Delos* was. Here shines a Nymph as bright,  
 By thee disclos'd with like increase of light.

Why was her joy in *Belgia* confin'd ?  
 Or why did you so much regard the wind ?  
 Scarce could the Ocean ( though intrag'd ) have tost  
 Thy Sovereign bark, but where th'obsequious coast  
 Pays tribute to thy bed : *Romes* conquering hand  
 More vanquish'd Nations under her command,  
 Never reduc'd ; glad *Berecinthia*, so  
 Among her deathless Progeny did go,  
 A wreath of flowers adorn'd her reverent head ,  
 Mother of all that on *Ambrosia* fed :  
 Thy godlike race must sway the age to come ,  
 As she *Olympus*, peopled with her womb.  
 Would those Commanders of mankind obey  
 Their honored Parent, all pretences lay

Down

Down at your Royal feet, compose their jars,  
 And on the growing Turk discharge these wars:  
 The Christian Knights that sacred tomb should wrest  
 From Pagan hands, and triumph o'r the East;  
 Our *Englands* Prince and *Gallia's* Dolphin might  
 Like young *Rinaldo*, and *Tancredo*, fight  
 In single combat: by their swords again  
 The proud *Argantes* and fierce *Soldan* slain.  
 Again, might we their valiant deeds recite,  
 And with your *Thuscan* muse exalt the fight.

---

*To the mutable Fair.*

**H**ere *Celia* for thy sake I part  
 With all that grew so near my heart;  
 The passion that I had for thee,  
 The Faith, the Love, the Constancy,  
 And that I may successfull prove,  
 Transform my self to what you lose.  
 Fool

Fool that I was so much to prize  
 Those simple virtues you despise,  
 Fool that with such dull arrows strove,  
 Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove,  
 For you that are in motion still  
 Decline our force, and mock our skill,  
 Who like Don Quixot do advance  
 Against a Wind-mill our vaine lance.

Now will I wander through the air,  
 Mount, make a stoop at every fair,  
 And with a fancy unconfin'd  
 (As lawless as the Sea or Wind)  
 Pursue you where so'er you flye,  
 And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,  
 As we their names and courses know,  
 And he that on their changes looks,  
 Would think them govern'd by our books.

But never were the clouds reduc'd  
 To any Art, the motion us'd  
 By those free vapors are so light,  
 So frequent, that the conquer'd fight  
 Despairs to find the rules that guide  
 Those gilded shadows as they slide.  
 And therefore of the spacious air  
 Joves royal consort had the care:  
 And by that power did once escape,  
 Declining bold *Ixions* rape;  
 She with her own resemblance grac'd  
 A shining cloud which he embrac'd.

Such was that Image, so it smil'd  
 With seeming kindnes which beguil'd  
 Your *Thirsis* lately when he thought  
 He had his fleeting *Calin* caught.  
 'Twas shap'd like her, but for the fair  
 He fill'd his arms with yeelding air:

A fate for which he grieves the less,  
 Because the gods had like success,  
 For in their story one (we see)  
 Pursues a Nymph, and takes a Tree;  
 A second with a Lovers haste  
 Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;  
 But she that did a virgin seem,  
 Possess appears a wandering stream;  
 For his supposed love a third  
 Lays greedy hold upon a bird;  
 And stands amaz'd to find his dear,  
 A wild inhabitant of the air.

To these old tales such Nymphs as you  
 Give credit, and still make them new;  
 The Am'rous now like wonders find  
 In the swift changes of your mind.

But *Calia* if you apprehend  
 The Muse of your incens'd friend;

Nor



Nor would that he record your blame;  
And make it live, repeat the same,  
Again deceive him, and again,  
And then he swears, he'll not complain.  
For still to be deluded so,  
Is all the pleasure Lovers know,  
Who, like good Faulkners take delight,  
Not in the quarrey, but the flight.

---

*Of Salley.*

**O**F *Jason, Theseus*, and such worthies old,  
Light seem the tales antiquity has told.  
Such beasts and monsters as their force oppress  
Some places only, and some times infect;  
*Salley* that scorn'd all power and laws of men,  
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,  
And future ages threatening with a rude  
And savage race successively renew'd,

K 2

Their

Their King despising with rebellious pride,  
And foes profess to all the world beside,  
This pest of mankind gives our *Hero* fame,  
And through th'obliged world dilates his name.

The Prophet once to cruel *Agag* said,  
As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,  
So shall the sword make thine ; and with that word  
He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword :  
Just *Charls* like measure has return'd to these,  
Whose Pagan hands had stain'd the troubled Seas ;  
With ships they made the spoiled Merchant mourn,  
With ships their City and themselves are torn.  
One squadron of our winged Castles sent  
O'r-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent :  
For not content the dangers to increase,  
And act the part of tempests in the Seas,  
Like hungry Wolves these pirates from our shore,  
Whole flocks of sheep, and ravish'd Cattell bore ;  
Safely

Safely they might on other Nations prey,  
Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the Sea:  
Mad *Cacus* so whom like ill fate perfwades  
The herd of fair *Alcmena's* seed invades;  
Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,  
Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.

*Morroccos* Monarch wondring at this fact,  
Save that his presence his affairs exact,  
Had come in person to have seen and known  
The injur'd worlds revenger, and his own.  
Hither he sends the chief among his Peers,  
Who in his Bark proportion'd presents bears  
To the renown'd for piety and force,  
Poor captives manumiz'd and matchless horse.

---

*Puerperium.*

**Y**OU Gods that have the power,  
To trouble, and compose

K 3

A U

All that's beneath your bower,  
Calm silence on the Seas, on Earth impose,

Fair *Venus* in thy soft arms,

The God of rage confine,

For thy whispers are the charms

Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline,

Thou the flame,

Kindled in his breast can'st tame,

With that snow which unmelted lies on thine,

Great Goddess give this thy sacred Island rest,

Make Heaven smile,

That no storm disturb us, while

Thy chief care our *Halcyon* builds her nest.

Great *Gloriana*, fair *Gloriana*,

Bright as high Heaven is, and fertile as Earth,

Whose

*upon several occasions.*

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Whose beauty relieves us,

Whose Royal bed gives us

Both glory and peace.

Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

---

*Of a Lady who writ in praise of Mira.*

**W**hile she pretends to make the Graces known  
Of matchless Mira, she reveals her own,

And when she would anothers praise indite,

Is by her glass instructed how to write.

---

*To one married to an old Man.*

**S**ince thou wouldst needs, bewitcht with some ill  
Be buried in those monumental arms :

All we can wish, is, may that earth lie light

Upon thy tender limbs, and so good night.

To *Flavia* song.

**T**Is not your beauty can engage

My wary heart :

The Sun in all his pride and rage,

Has not that Art ;

And yet he shines as bright as you,

If brightness could our souls subdue :

'Tis not the pretty things you say,

Nor those you write,

Which can make *Thirsis* heart your prey :

For that delight,

The graces of a well-taught mind,

In some of our own sex we find.

No *Flavia*, 'tis your love, I fear,

Loves surest darts,

Those which so seldom fail him are

Headed with hearts ;

Their

Their very shadows make us yeeld,

Dissemble well, and win the field.

*The Fall.*

See how the willing earth gave way

To take th' impression where she lay.

See how the mould as loath to leave

So sweet a burden, still doth cleave

Close to the Nymphs stain'd garment; here

The coming Spring would first appear,

And all this place with Roses strow,

If busie feet would let them grow;

Here *Venus* smil'd to see blind Chance

It self, before her son advance,

And a fair image to present

Of what the Boy so long had meant :

'Twas such a chance as this made all

The World into this order fall ;

Thus

Thus the first lovers, on the clay  
 Of which they were compos'd lay;  
 So in their prime, with equal grace  
 Met the first patterns of our race:  
 Then blush not (fair) or on him frown,  
 Or wonder how you both came down;  
 But touch him, and he'll tremble strait,  
 How could he then support your weight:  
 How could the Youth alas, but bend  
 When his whole Heaven upon him lean'd?  
 If ought by him amiss were done,  
 'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

*Of Silvia.*

**O**ur sighs are heard, just Heav'n declares  
 The sense it has of lovers cares:  
 She that so far the rest out-shin'd,  
*Silvia* the fair whiles she was kind;

As



As if her frowns impair'd her brow,  
Seems only not unhandsome now;

So when the sky makes us endure

A storm, it self becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,

Hiding from *Flavia's* self her name;

Left she provoking Heaven should prove

How it rewards neglected love.

Better a thousand such as I

Their grief untold should pine and die;

Than her bright morning over-cast

With fullen clouds should be defac't.

*The Budd.*

**L**ately on yonder swelling bush,

Big with many a coming Rose,

This early Bud began to blush,

And did but half it self disclose;

I pluck't it, though no better grown,  
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves in spire,  
With such a purple light they shone  
As if they had been made of fire,  
And spreading so, would flame anon:

All that was meant, by Air or Sun  
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,  
What may the same inform's of love,  
Of purest love and musick too  
When *Flavia* it aspires to move:

When that, which life-less buds perswades  
To wax more soft, her youth invades.

Upon

upon Ben. Johnson.

**M**irror of Poets, mirror of our age!  
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,  
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own faults, induces  
A remedy like those whom musick cures:  
Thou hast alone those various inclinations  
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations:  
So traced with thy All resembling Pen  
That what ere custom has impos'd on men;  
Or ill got habit, which deforms them so,  
That scarce a Brother can his Brother know,  
Is represented to the wondring eyes  
Of all that see or read thy Comedies:  
Who ever in those Glases looks, may find  
The 'spots return'd, or graces of his mind:  
And by the help of so divine an Art  
At leasure view and dres his Nobler parr.

*Narcissus*

*Narcissus* couzened by that flatt'ring Well,  
 Which nothing could but of his beaurty tell,  
 Had here discovering the deform'd estate  
 Of his fond mind, preserv'd him self with hate;  
 But Vertue too, as well as Vice, is clad  
 In Flesh and Blood so well, that *Plato* had  
 Beheld what his high fancy once embrac't,  
 Vertue with colours, speech, and motion grac't:  
 The sundry postures of thy copious Muse,  
 Who would express a thousand Tongues must use;  
 Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy Art,  
 For as thou couldst all characters impart:  
 So none could render thine, who still escapes  
 Like *Proteus* in variety of shapes:  
 Who was, nor this, nor that, but all we find,  
 And all we can imagine in mankind:

To Mr. George Sands, On his Translation  
of some parts of the Bible.

**H**ow bold a work attempts that pony  
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue

With the high raptures of those men,

Who here with the same spirit sung,

Wherewith they now assist the Quire

Of Angels, who their songs admire

What-ever those inspired Souls

Were urged to express did shake,

The aged deep, and both the Poles;

Their num'rous Thunder could awake

Dull Earth, which does with Heaven consent

To all they wrote, and all they mean.

Say ( Sacred Bard ) what could bestow

Courage on thee, to soar so high?

Tell

Tell me (brave Friend) what help'd thee so  
 To shake of all mortality?  
 To light this Torch, thou hast climb'd higher,  
 Than he who stole Celestial fire.

*Chloris and Hylas. Made to a Sarabran.*

*Cbl.* **H**ylas, & Hylas, why sit we murey  
 Now that each Bird salueth the Spring?  
 Wind up the slackned strings of thy Lute,  
 Never canst thou want matter to sing:  
 For love thy Brest does fill with such a fire,  
 That whatso'er is fair, moves thy desire.

*Hil.* Sweetest you know, the sweetest of things,  
 Of various flowers the Bees do compose,  
 Yet no particular taste it brings  
 Of Violet, Woodbind, Pink, or Rose:  
 So love the resulcance is of all the graces  
 Which flow from a thousand several faces.

*Cbl.*

*upon several occasions.* 2145

*Chl. Hylas*, the Birds which chant in this Grove,  
Could we but know the Language they use,  
They would instruct us better in love,  
And reprehend thy inconstant muse :  
For love their Breasts does fill with such a fire,  
That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire,

*Hil. Charis*, this change the Birds do approve,  
Which the warm season hither does bring ;  
Time from your self does further remove  
You, than the Winter from the gay Spring :  
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,  
The Oak now resembles which lightning hath  
Cblasted.

---

*Under a Ladies Picture.*

**S**uch *Hellen* was, and who can blame the Boy  
That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy ?  
But

But had like verue thin'd in that fair Creek,  
 The am'rous shepherd had not dar'd to seek,  
 Or hope for pity, but with silent moan,  
 And better fate had perished alone.

*In answer of Sir John Suckling's Verses.*

*Con.*

Stay here fond youth, and ask no more, be wise,  
 Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise.

*Pro.*

And by your knowledge we should be bereft  
 Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

*Con.*

The vertuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst, should still  
 Last in their pride, and wouldst not take it ill

If rudely from sweet dreams, and for a toy  
 Thou awak't, he wakes himself that does enjoy.

*Pro.*

How can the joy or hope which you allow  
 Be stiled vertuous, and the end not so?

Talk





Con.

Urge not 'tis necessary ; alas we know  
 The homeliest thing that mankind does, is so.  
 The world is of a large extent we see,  
 And must be peopled, children there must be,  
 So must bread too, but since there are enough  
 Born to that drudgery, what need wee plough ?

Pro.

I need not plough, since what the stooping Hinde  
 Gets of my pregnant Land, must all be mine :  
 But in this nobler tillage 'tis not so ;  
 For when *Anchises* did fair *Venus* know,  
 What intrest had poor *Vulcan* in the Boy,  
 Famous *Aeneas*, or the present joy ?

Con.

Women enjoy'd, what 'ere tofore they have bern,  
 Are like Romances read, or Scenes once seen :  
 Fruition dulls, or spoils the play much more  
 Than if one read, or knew the plot before.

Pro.

*Pro.*

Playes and Romances read, and seen, do fall  
In our opinions, yet not seen at all  
Whom would they please? to an Heroick tale,  
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

*Con.*

Tis expectation makes a blessing dear,  
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

*Pro.*

If 'twere not Heaven, if we knew what it were,  
Twould not be Heaven to those that now are there.

*Con.*

As in prospects, we are there pleased most,  
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,  
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint,  
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

*Pro.*

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,

But he ne'r has it, that enjoys it not.

In goodly prospects who contracts the space,  
 Or takes not all the bounty of the place?  
 We wish remov'd what standeth in our sight,  
 And nature blame for limiting our sight,  
 Where you stand wisely winking that the view  
 Of the fair prospect may be always new.

*Con.*

They who know all the wealth they have, are poor:  
 He's only rich, that cannot tell his store.

*Pro.*

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor,  
 But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

---

*To a friend of the different success of their Loves.*

**T**Hrice happy pair of whom we cannot know,  
 Which first began to love, or loves most now;  
 Fair course of passion where two lovers start,  
 And run together, heart still yoked with heart:  
 Successfull

Successfull youth, whom love has taught the way  
 To be victorious in thy first essay.  
 Sure lov's an Art best practis'd at first,  
 And where th' experienc'd still prosper worst;  
 I with a different fate pursu'd in vain  
 The haughty *Calia*, till my just disdain  
 Of her neglect, above that passion born,  
 Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn,  
 Now she relents, but all too late to move  
 A heart directed to a Nobler love:  
 The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more,  
 Now, than my vows and service did before:  
 So in some well-wrought hangings you may see  
 How *Hector* leads, and how the *Grecians* flee;  
 Here the fierce *Mars* his courage so inspires,  
 That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;  
 But there from heaven the blew ey'd Virgin falls,  
 And frighted *Troy* retires within her Walls.

They that are formost in that bloody race,  
 Turn head anon, and give the Conquerors chase;  
 So like the chances are of Love and War,  
 That they alone in this distinguish'd are:  
 In love the Victors from the Vanquish'd flee,  
 They flye that wound, and they pursue that die.

*An Apology for having loved before.*

**T**hey that never had the use  
 Of the Grapes surprizing juice,  
 To the first delicious cup,  
 All their Reason render up:  
 Neither do nor care to know,  
 Whether it be best or, no.  
 So they that are to love inclin'd;  
 Sway'd by chance, not choice or art,  
 To the first that's fair or kind,  
 Make a present of their heart:

'Tis not she that first we love,  
But whom dying we approve.

To man that was i'th' evening made ;  
Stars gave the first delight ;  
Admiring in the gloomy shade,  
Those little drops of light.

Then at *Aurora*, whose fair hand  
Remov'd them from the skies,  
He gazing toward the East did stand,  
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright Sun did appear,  
All those he can despise,  
His wonder was determin'd there,  
And could no higher rise ;  
He neither might, nor wish to know  
A more refulgent light :

For

For that as mine, your beauties now,  
Impley'd his utmost sight.

To Zelinda.

**F**Airest piece of well-form'd Earth,  
Urge not thus your haughty birth:  
The power which you have o're us lies  
Not in your race but in your eyes:  
None but a Prince! alas that voice  
Confines you to a narrow choice!  
Should you no Honey vow to taste,  
But what the master Bees have plac'd  
In compass of their Cells, how small  
A portion to your share would fall?  
Nor all appear among those few,  
Worthy the stock from whence they grew:  
The sap which at the Root is bred  
In Trees, through all the Boughs is spread;

But



*upon several occasions.*

35

But vertues which in Parents shines,  
Make not like progress through the Line.  
'Tis not from whom, but where we live;  
The place does oft those graces give;  
Great *Julus* on the Mountains bred,  
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led,  
He that the world subdu'd, had been  
But the best wrastrler on the green:  
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth  
The hidden Seeds of Native worth;  
They blow those sparks, and make them rise  
Into such flames as touch the skies.  
To the old Heroes hence was given  
A Pedigree which reach't to Heavens  
Of mortal Seed they were not held,  
Which other mortals so excell'd;  
And beaury too in such excess  
As yours, *Zelinda* claims no less.  
Smile

Smile but on me, and you shall scorn  
 Henceforth to be of Princes born,  
 I can describe the shady Grove  
 Where your lov'd mother slept with *Jove*,  
 And yet excuse the faultless Dame,  
 Caught with her Spouses shape, and name:  
 Thy matchless form will credit bring  
 To all the wonders I shall sing.

On Mr. John Fletchers Playes.

**F**letcher, to thee we do not only owe  
 All our good Playes, but all those other too,  
 Thy wit repeated, does support the Stage,  
 Credits the last, and entertains this Age,  
 No worthies form'd by any Muse, but thine  
 Could purchase robes, to make themselves so fine.

What brave Commander is not proud to see  
 Thy brave *Melantius* in his Gallantry?  
 Our

Our greatest Ladys love to see their scorn  
Our-done by thine, in what themselves have worn;  
The Impatient widdow ere the year be done,  
Sees thy *Aspasia* weeping in her gown.

I never yet the Tragick strain assay'd,  
Deter'd by that inimitable Maid,  
And when I venture at the Comick stile,  
Thy Scornfull Lady seems to mock my toyl.

Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and marr'd  
Our sport in plays by rendring it too hard;  
So when a sort of lusty shepherds throw,  
The barr by turns, and none the rest out-go  
So farr but that the best are measuring casts,  
Their emulation, and their pastime lasts;  
But if some braunie Yeoman of the gaurd  
Stepp in and tols the axeltree a yard,  
Or more beyond the furthest mark, the rest,  
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

To Chloris.

**C**hloris since first our calm of peace  
Was frighted hence, this good we find,  
Your favours with your fears increase,  
And growing mischiefs make you kind:  
So the fayr-tree which still preserves  
Her fruit and state whilst no wind blows,  
In storms from that uprightness swerves,  
And the glad earth about her throws  
With treasure from her yielding boughs.

On St. James's Park as lately improved by his Majesty.

**O**F the first Paradise there's nothing found,  
Plants set by heav'n are vanish, and the ground;  
Yet the description lasts; who knows the fate  
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate?

Instead

Instead of Rivers rowling by the side  
Of *Edens* garden, here flowes in the ryde;  
The Sea which always serv'd his Empire, now  
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too:  
Of famous Cities we the founders know;  
But Rivers old, as Seas, to which they go,  
Are natures bounty; 'tis of more renown  
To make a River than to build a Town.  
For future shade young Trees upon the banks  
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:  
The voice of *Orpheus* or *Amphions* hand  
In better order could not make them stand;  
May they increafe as fast, and spread their boughs,  
As the high fame of their great Owner grows!  
May he live long enough to see them all  
Dark shadows cast, and as his Palace tall.  
Me-thinks I see the love that shall be made,  
The Lovers walking in that amorous shade,

The

The Gallants dancing by the Rivers side,  
 They bath in Summer, and in Winter slide:  
 Me-thinks I hear the Musick in the boats,  
 And the loud Eccho which returns the notes,  
 Whilst over head a flock of new sprung fowl  
 Hangs in the ayr, and does the Sun controule:  
 Darkning the sky they hover or'e, and throw  
 The wanton Sailors with a feather'd cloud:  
 Beneath a shoal of silver fishes glides,  
 And playes about the gilded Barges sides;  
 The Ladies angling in the Crystal lake,  
 Feast on the waters with the prey they take;  
 At once victorious with their lines and eyes  
 They make the fishes and the men their prize;  
 A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,  
 And Sea-nymphs enter with the swelling tyde,  
 From *Thetis* sent as spies to make report,  
 And tell the wonders of her Sovereign's Court.

All

All that can living feed the greedy Eye,  
Or dead the Palat, here you may descry,  
The choicest things that furnish *Noahs* Ark,  
Or *Peters* sheet, inhabiting this Park :  
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,  
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.  
Such various wayes the spacious Alleys lead,  
My doubtfull Muse knows not what path to tread :  
Yonder the harvest of cold months laid up,  
Gives a fresh coolness to the Royal Cup,  
There Ice like Crystal, firm and never lost,  
Tempers hot *July* with *Decembers* frost,  
Winters dark prison, whence he cannot flie,  
Though the warm Spring, his enemy draws nigh :  
Strange ! that extremes should thus preserve the snow,  
High on the *Alps*, or in deep Caves below.

M

Here

Here a well-polisht Mall gives us the joy  
 To see our Prince his matchless force imploy;  
 His manly posture and his gracefull mine  
 Vigor and youth in all his motion seen,  
 His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong  
 Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long:  
 No sooner has he toucht the flying ball,  
 But 'tis already more than half the mall;  
 And such a fury from his aim has got  
 As from a smoking Culverin 'twere shot.

Near this my muse, what most delights her, sees,  
 A living Gallery of aged Trees;  
 Bold sons of earth that thrust their arms so high  
 As if once more they would invade the sky;  
 In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,  
 Slept in their shades, and Angels entertain'd:  
 With such old Counsellors they did advise  
 And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise;

Free



*upon several occasions.* 163

Free from th' impediments of light and noise  
Man thus retir'd his nobler thoughts employs :  
Here CHARLS contrives the ordering of his States,  
Here he resolves his neighb'ring Princes Fates :  
What Nation shall have Peace, where War be made  
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade ;  
The world from *India* to the frozen North,  
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.  
His Fancy objects from his view receives,  
The prospect thought and Contemplation gives :  
That seat of Empire here salutes his eye,  
To which three Kingdoms do themselves apply,  
The structure by a Prelate rais'd, *White-Hall*,  
Built with the fortune of *Rome's* Capitol ;  
Both disproportion'd to the present State  
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate ;  
From hence he does that Antique Pile behold,  
Where Royal heads receive the sacred gold ;

M a

It

It gives them Crowns, and does their ashes keep ;  
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep  
Making the circle of their reign compleat,  
Those suns of Empire, where they rise they set :  
When others fell, this standing did presage  
The Crown should triumph over popular rage,  
Hard by that House where all our ills were shapt  
Th' Auspicious Temple stood, and yet escap'd.  
So snow on *Ætna* does unmelted lie,  
Whence rowling flames and scatter'd cinders flie ;  
The distant Countrey in the ruine shares,  
What falls from heav'n the burning mountain spares.  
Next that capacious Hall, he sees, the room,  
Where the whole Nation does for Justice come  
Under whose large roof flourishes the Gown,  
And Judges grave on high Tribunals frown.  
Here like the peoples Pastor he do's go,  
His flock subjected to his view below ;

On

On which reflecting in his mighty mind,  
No private passion does indulgence find ;  
The pleasures of his youth suspended are,  
And made a sacrifice to publick care ;  
Here free from Court compliances He walks,  
And with himself, his best adviser, talks ;  
How peacefull Olive may his Temple shade,  
For mending Laws, and for restoring trade ;  
Or how his Browes may be with Laurel charg'd  
For Nations conquer'd and our bounds enlarg'd :  
Of ancient Prudence here He ruminates,  
Of rising Kindoms and of falling States :  
What Ruling Arts gave great *Augustus* fame,  
And how *Alcides* purchas'd such a name :  
His eyes upon his native Palace bent  
Close by, suggest a greater argument,  
His thoughts rise higher when he does reflect  
On what the world may from that Star expect

M 3

Which

Which at his Birth appear'd to let us see  
 Day for his sake could with the Night agree;  
 A Prince on whom such different lights did smile,  
 Born the divided world to reconcile :  
 What ever Heaven or high extacted blood  
 Could promise or foretell, he will make good ;  
 Reform these Nations, and improve them more,  
 Than this fair Park from what it was before.

---

*To Sir William D'avenant upon his two first Books  
 of Gondibert, written in France.*

**T**HUS the wise Nightingale that leaves her  
 Her Native Wood, when Storms and Winter  
 Pursuing constant'ly the Chearfull Spring, (come,  
 To forein Groves does her Old musick bring;  
 The drooping *Hebrews* banish'd harps unstrung  
 At *Babylon*, upon the willows hung;

Your

Yours sounds aloud, and tell's us you excell  
No less in Courage, than in Singing well;  
Whilst unconcern'd you let your Country know,  
They have improv'rish'd themselves, not you;  
Who with the Muses help can mock those Fates  
Which Threaten Kingdoms, and disorder States.  
So *Ovid* when from *Cesar's* rage he fled;  
The *Roman* Muse to *Pontus* with him led;  
Where he so sung, that we through Pity's Glasse,  
See *Nero* milder than *Augustus* was.  
Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be  
Th' indulgent censure of Posterity.  
To banish those who with such art can sing,  
Is a rude crime which its own Curse does bring:  
Ages to come shall ne'r know how they fought,  
Nor how to Love their present Youth be taught.  
This to thy self. Now to thy matchless Book,  
Wherein those few that can with Judgment look,

May find old Love in pure fresh Language told,  
 Like new stamp'd Coin made out of Angel-gold.  
 Such truth in Love as th' antique World did know,  
 In such a stile as Courts may boast of now.  
 Which no bold tales of Gods or Monsters swell,  
 But humane Passions, such as with us dwell.  
 Man is thy theme, his Vertue or his Rage  
 Drawn to the life in each elaborate Page.  
*Mars* nor *Bellona* are not named here;  
 But such a *Gondibert* as both might fear.  
*Venus* had here, and *Hebe* been out-shin'd,  
 By thy bright *Birthe*, and thy *Rhodolind*.  
 Such is thy happy skill, and such the Odds  
 Betwixt thy Worthies and the *Grecian* Gods.  
 Whose Deity's in vain had here come down  
 Where Mortal Beauty wears the Sovereign Crown;  
 Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood  
 ( Though not resisted ) may be understood,

To

To my Worthy Friend the Translator of *Gratius*.

**T**HUS by the Musick we may know  
When Noble Wits a hunting go  
Through groves that on Parnassus grow.

The Muses all the Chase adorn,  
My friend on *Pegasus* is born,  
And young *Apollo* winds the Horn.

Having old *Gratius* in the wind,  
No pack of Critiques e're could find  
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read  
How to Chuse Dogs for sent or speed,  
And how to Change or mend the breed.

What arms to use, or nets to frame,  
Wild beasts to combate or to tame,  
With all the Mysteries of that game.

But

But ( worthy Friend ) the face of War  
In antient times does differ far  
From what our fiery battells are:

Nor is it like ( since powder Known )  
That man so cruel to his own,  
Should spare the race of Beasts alone.

No quarter now but with the Gun,  
Men wait in trees from Sun to Sun,  
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next  
should be no comment but a Text  
To tell how modern Beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage  
Your gentle Muse to court the age  
With somewhat of your proper rage.

Since



Since none do's more to *Phœbus* owe,  
Or in more Languages can show  
Those arts which you so early know.

---

*To the King, upon his Majesties Happy Return.*

**T**He rising Sun complies with our weak sight,  
First gilds the Clouds, then shews his globe of  
At such a distance from our eyes, as though <sup>(light</sup>  
He knew what harm his hasty Beams would do.

But your full *MAJESTY* at once breaks forth  
In the Meridian of your Reign, Your worth,  
Your youth, and all the splendor of Your State,  
Wrapt up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate,  
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,  
And our spread Hearts with so great joy surprise,  
That, if Your Grace incline that we should live,  
You must not (S I R) too hastily forgive.

Our

Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,  
Which scatter spirits, and would life destroy.

All are obnoxious, and this faulty Land  
Like fainting *Hester* do's before you stand,  
Watching Your Scepter, the revolted Sea  
Trembles to think she did Your Foes obey.

Great *Britain*, like blind *Polipheme*, of late  
In a wild rage became the scorn and hate  
Of her proud Neighbours, who began to think,  
She, with the weight of her own force, would sink :  
But You are come, and all their hopes are vain,  
This Gyant-Isle has got her Eye again ;  
Now she might spare the Ocean, and oppose  
Your conduct to the fiercest of her Foes :  
Naked, the Graces guarded You from all  
Dangers abroad, and now Your Thunder shall.

Princes,

Princes, that saw You, different passions prove,  
 For now they dread the Object of their love;  
 Nor without envy can behold His height,  
 Whose Conversation was their late delight.  
 So *Semele* contented with the rape  
 Of *Jove*, disguised in a mortal shape,  
 When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,  
 And his bright rayes, was with amazement kill'd.

And though it be our sorrow and our crime  
 To have accepted life so long a time  
 Without You here, yet does this absence gain  
 No small advantage to Your present Reign:  
 For, having view'd the persons and the things,  
 The Councils, State and Strength of *Europe's* Kings,  
 You know your work; Ambition to restrain,  
 And set them bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main.  
 We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,  
 Not such as Books, but such as Practice taught:

So

So the lost Sun, while least by us enjoy'd,  
 Is the whole night, for our concern imploy'd:  
 He ripens spices, fruit, and precious Gums,  
 Which from remotest Regions hither comes.

This seat of Yours, from th' other world remov'd;  
 Had *Archimedes* known, he might have prov'd  
 His Engine's force, fixt here, your poweer and skill  
 Make the worlds motion wait upon your will.

Much suffering Monarch, the first English born  
 That has the Crown of these three Nations worn,  
 How has Your patience, with the barbarous rage  
 Of Your own soyl, contended half an Age?  
 Till ( Your try'd vertue, and Your sacred word,  
 At last preventing Your unwilling Sword )  
 Armies and Fleets, which kept You out so long,  
 Own'd their great Sovereign, and redrest His wrong  
 When straight the People, by no force compell'd,  
 Nor longer from their inclination held,      Break

*upon several occasions.* 1751

Break forth at once, like Powder set on fire,  
And with a noble rage their *KING* require.

So th' injur'd Sea, which from her wonted course,  
To gain some acres, avarice did force,  
If the new Banks, neglected once, decay,  
No longer will from her old Chancel stay,  
Raging, the late-got Land she overflows,  
And all that's built upon't to ruine goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin  
To strive for Grace, and expiate their sin :  
All winds blow fair, that did the world imbroyl,  
Your Vipers Treacle yeeld, and Scorpions Oyl.

If then such praise the *Macedonian* got,  
For having rudely cut the *Gordian* knot ;  
What glory's due to him that could divide  
Such ravell'd intrests, has the knot untty'd,

And

And without stroke so smooth a passage made,  
Where craft and malice such impeachments laid ?

But while we praise You, You ascribe it all  
To his high hand, wich threw the untouch't wall  
Of self-demolisht *Jerico* so low :  
His Angel'twas that did before You go,  
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,  
Like Ears of Corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus patience crown'd:like *Job's*, your trouble ends,  
Having your Foes to pardon, and your Friends :  
For, though your Courage were so firm, a rock;  
What private vertue could endure the shock ?  
Like your great Master you the storm withstood,  
And pitied thole whose Love with Frailty shew'd.

Rude *Indians* torturing all the Royal race,  
Him with the Throne and dear-bought Scepter gract

That

That suffers best : what Region could be found,  
Where your heroick Head had not been crown'd ?

The next experience of Your mighty mind,  
Is, how You combate Fortune now she's kind;  
And this way too, you are victorious found,  
She flatters with the same success she frown'd;  
While to Your Self-severe, to others kind,  
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,  
Of this vast Empire you possess the care,  
The softer part falls to the Peoples share :  
Safety and equal Government are things  
Which Subjects make, as happy, as their Kings;

Faith, Law and Piety, that banisht train,  
Justice and Truth, with You return again :  
The Cities Trade, and Countries easie life  
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.

N

You

Your Reign no less assures the Ploughmans peace,  
 Than the warm Sun advances his increase;  
 And does the Shepherds as securely keep  
 From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But above all, the Muse-inspired train  
 Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again;  
 Kind Heav'n at once has in Your Person sent  
 Their sacred Judge, their Guard, and Argument.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa  
 Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum  
 Clarorum apparent —*

---

*To my Lady Morton on New-years-day, 1650. at  
 the Louver in Paris.*

*Madam,*

**N**Ew years may well expect to find  
 Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind,  
 Still as they pass, they court, and smile on you,  
 And make your beauty as themselves seem new:

To



To the fair *Villars* we *Dalkith* prefer,  
And fairest *Morton* now as much to her;  
So like the Sun's advance your Titles shew,  
Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow.

But thus to stile you fair, your Sexes praise,  
Gives you but Mirtle, who may challenge Bays:  
From armed foes to bring a royal prize,  
Shews your brave Heart Victorious, as your Eyes;  
If *Judith* marching with the Generals head  
Gan give us passion when her storie's read,  
What may the living do which brought away,  
Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey?

Who from our flaming *Troy*, with a bold hand  
Snatch'd her fair Charge, the Princess, like a brand;  
A brand preserv'd to warm some Princes heart,  
And make whole Kingdoms take her Brothers part;  
So *Venus* from prevailing *Greeks* did shrowd  
The hope of *Rome*, and sav'd him in a cloud;      This

This gallant act may cancell all our rage,  
Begin a better, and absolve this age.  
Dark shades become the portrayt of our time;  
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime.  
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night,  
This portion only may endure the light,  
Where the kind Nymph changing her faultless shape  
Becoms unhandsome, handsomly to scape,  
When through the Guards, the River, and the Sea,  
Faith, Beauty, Wit, and Courage, made their way.

As the brave Eagle does with sorrow see  
The Forest wasted, and that lofty Tree  
Which holds her nest about to be ore'thrown,  
Before the feathers of her young are grown,  
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,  
But bears them boldly on her wings away ;  
So fled the Dame, and o're the Ocean bore  
Her Princely burthen to the Gallick shore.

Born

Born in the storms of war, this royal sayr,  
Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous ayr,  
Though now she flyes her native Isle, less kind,  
Less safe for her, than either Sea or VVind,  
Shall, when the blossom of her Beauty's blown,  
See her great Brother on the British Throne,  
Where Peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,  
But which Rules most, his Scepter, or her Eyes.

---

*Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.*

STrange that such Horror and such Grace  
Should dwell together in one place,  
A Furies arm, an Angels face.

'Tis innocence and youth which makes  
In *Cloris's* fancy such mistakes,  
To start at Love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her coldness barrd

Her servants have a task too hard,  
The Tyrant has a double Guard.

Thrice happy Snake, that in her flieve  
May boldly creep, we dare not give  
Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave :

Contented in that Nest of Snow  
He lyes, as he his bliss did know,  
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed (fair Eve) you do not make  
Another Tempter of this Snake,  
A marble one so warm'd would speak.

---

*To his Worthy Friend Master E'velyn upon his Trans-  
lation of Lucretius.*

**T**hat Chance and Atomes make this all  
In Order Democratical,  
Where Bodies freely run their Course,  
Without design, or Fate, or Force.

In

In English verse *Lucretius* sings  
 As if with *Pegasean* wings,  
 He soar'd beyond our utmost Sphere;  
 And other Worlds discovered there ;  
 His boundless and unruly wit  
 To nature does no bounds permit ;  
 But boldly has remov'd those bars,  
 Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, and Bars,  
 By which she was before suppos'd  
 By moderate witts to be enclos'd,  
 Till his free Muse threw down the Pale  
 And did at once dispark them all.  
 So vast this Argument did seem  
 That the great Author did esteem  
 The Roman Language, which was spread  
 Ore the whole world in Triumph led  
 Too weak, too narrow to unfold  
 The Wonders which he would have told.

This speaks thy Glory, noble Friend,  
And Brittish Language does commend;  
For here *Lucretius* whole we find,  
His Words, his Musick, and his Mind,  
Thy Art has to our Countrey brought  
All that he writ, and all he thought.  
*Ovid* translated, *Virgil* too  
Shew'd long since what our tongue could do;  
Nor *Lucan* we, nor *Horace* spar'd,  
Only *Lucretius* was too hard,  
*Lucretius*, like a fort did stand  
Untoucht, till your victorious hand  
Did from his head this garland bear  
Which now upon your own you wear:  
A Garland made of such new Bays,  
And fought in such untrodden ways,  
As no mans Temples ere did Crown,  
Save this fam'd Authors and your own.

Part

Part of the fourth Book of Virgil translated, beginning at

— *Talesque miserrima fletus*

*Fertque refertque soror* —

And ending with,

*Adnixi torquent spumas & carula verrunt.*

**A**Ll this her weeping Sister does repeat  
To the stern man, whom nothing could intreat;  
Lost were her pray'rs, and fruitless were her tears,  
Fate and great Jove had stop'd his gentle Ears.  
As when loud winds a well-grown Oak would rend  
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend  
His reeling Trunk, and with a boisterous sound  
Scatter his leaves and strew them on the ground:  
He fixed stands, as deep his root doth ly  
Down to the Center, as his top is high,  
No less on every side the Hero prest  
Feels Love and Pitty shake his noble brest,  
And down his Checks though fruitless tears do roul,  
Unmov'd remains the purpose of his soul.      Then

Then *Dido* urged with approaching fate  
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate ;  
Her resolution to dispatch and dye  
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy.  
The Water consecrate for sacrifice  
Appears all black to her amazed eyes,  
The Wine to putrid bloud converted flows,  
Which from her, none, not her own sister knows.  
Besides there stood as sacred to her Lord  
A marble Temple which she much ador'd,  
With snowy fleeces and fresh garlands Crown'd,  
Hence every night proceeds a dreadfull sound.  
Her husbands voice invites her to his Tomb,  
And dismall Owls presage the ills to come.  
Besides, the prophecies of Wizards old  
Increast her terroure and her fall foretold.  
Scorn'd and deserted to her self she seems,  
And finds *Aeneas* cruel in her dreams,

So



*upon severall occasions.*

187

So, to mad *Pentheus*, double *Tyber* appears,  
And furies howl in his distempered ears.  
*Orestes* so with like distraction tost  
Is made to fly his Mothers angry ghost.  
Now grief and fury at their height arrive,  
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive:  
Her grieved Sister with a cheerfull grace  
( Hope well-dissembled shining in her face )  
She thus deceives. ( Dear Sister ) let us prove  
The cure I have invented for my love,  
Beyond the Land of *Aethiopia* lies  
The place where *Atlas* does support the skies;  
Hence came an old Magician that did keep  
Th' Hesperian fruit, and made the Dragon sleep;  
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve;  
And where she lists, makes calmest minds to grieve,  
The course of Rivers or of Heaven can stop,  
And call trees down from th' airy mountains top.  
Witness

Witnesses ye Gods, and thou my dearest part,  
 How loath I am to tempt this guilty Art.  
 Erect a pile, and on it let us place  
 That bed where I my ruine did embrace.  
 With all the reliques of our impious guest,  
 Arms, spoils, and presents, let the Pile be drest,  
 ( The knowing-woman thus prescribes ) that we  
 May raze the man out of our memory;  
 Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end  
 For which she doth those sacred rites pretend.  
 Nor worse effects of grief her Sister thought  
 Would follow, than *Sychem* murder wrought,  
 Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high  
 The Cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do ly  
 Hung all with wreaths and flowry garlands round;  
 So by her self was her own funeral Crown'd  
 Upon the top, the Trojan's image lyes,  
 And his sharp Sword wherewith anon she dyes.  
They

They by the altar stand, while with loose hair  
The Magick Prophetess begins her prayr,  
On Chao's, Erebus, and all the Gods,  
Which in th' infernal shades have their aboads,  
She loudly calls, besprinkling all the room  
With drops suppos'd from Lethes lake to come.  
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows  
Of newfoal'd Colts, and herbs by moon-light mows,  
A Cake of Leven in her pious hands  
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands,  
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,  
Her robe ungirt, invoking every God  
And every power, if any be above  
Which takes regard of ill-required love.  
Now was the time when weary mortals steep  
Their carefull temples in the dew of sleep.  
On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell  
A deathlike quiet, and deep silence fell,

But

But not on *Dido*, whose untamed mind  
 Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd,  
 A double passion in her breast does move  
 Love and fierce Anger for neglected Love.  
 Thus she afflicts her soul, What shall I do?  
 With fate inverted shall I humbly woo?  
 And some proud Prince in wild *Numidia* born  
 Pray to accept me and forget my scorn?  
 Or shall I with the ungratefull Trojan go,  
 Quit all my state, and wait upon my Foe?  
 Is not enough by sad experience known,  
 The perjur'd race of false *Laomedon*?  
 With my Sidonians shall I give them chase?  
 Bands hardly forced from their native place?  
 No, dy, and let this sword thy fury tame,  
 Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.  
 Ah Sister! vanquish't with my passion thou  
 Berraiddst me first, dispensing with my vow.

Had

Had I be'n constant to *Sychem* still  
And single-liv'd, I had not known this ill.

Such thoughts torment the Queen's intrag'd breast  
While the Dardaniàn does securely rest  
In his tall ship for sudden flight prepar'd,  
To whom once more the Son of *Jove* appear'd,  
Thus seems to speak the youthfull Deiry,  
Voice, Hair, and Colour all like *Mercury*.

Fair *Venus* seed! Canst thou indulge thy sleep?  
Nor better guard in such great danger keep,  
Mad by neglect to lose so fair a wind?  
If here thy ships the purple morning find,  
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine  
With a new fleet, and fire, to ruine thine;  
She meditates revenge resolv'd to dy,  
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.  
This said, the God in shades of Night retir'd.

Amaz'd *Aeneas* with the warning fir'd

Shakes

Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men;  
 Behold ! the Gods command our flight agen;  
 Fall to your oars, and all your Canvas spread;  
 What God soe'er that thus vouchsaf't to lead  
 We follow gladly and thy will obey,  
 Assist us still smoothing our happy way,  
 And make the rest propitious. With that word  
 He cuts the Cable with his shining sword;  
 Through all the Navy doth like Ardor reign,  
 They quit the shore and rush into the Main;  
 Plac't on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep  
*Neptunes* smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

---

*Upon a War with Spain, and a Fight at Sea.*

**N**OW for some Ages had the pride of Spain  
 Made the Sun shine on half the world in vain;  
 While she bid wait to all that durst supply  
 The place of those her cruelty made dye.

Of

*upon several occasions.* 1193

Of Natures bounty men forbear to taste,  
And the best portion of the Earth lay waste.

From the new world her silver and her gold  
Came like a tempest to confound the old,  
Feeding with these the brib'd Electors hopes,  
Alone she gave us Emperors and Popes,  
With these accomplishing her vast designs,  
*Europe* was shaken with her Indians Mines.

When *Britain* looking with a just disdain  
Upon this gilded Majesty of *Spain*,  
And knowing well that Empire must decline,  
Whose chief support and sinewes are of coyn,  
Our nations sollid vertue did oppose,  
To the rich troublers of the worlds repose.

And now some moneths incamping on the Main,  
Our Naval Army had besieged *Spain*,  
They that the whole worlds monarchy design'd,  
Are to their Ports, by our bold fleet confin'd,

O

From

From whence our Red-cross they triumphant see,  
Riding without a Rival on the sea.

Others may use the Ocean as their Road,  
Only the *English* make it their aboad,  
Whose ready sails, with every wind can fly,  
And make a Cov'nant with the unconstant sky ;  
Our oaks secure, as if they there tooke root,  
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Mean while the *Spaniards* in *America*  
Near to the Line the Sun approaching saw,  
And hop'd their *European* coasts to find  
Clear'd from our ships by the Autumnal wind,  
Their huge capacious Gallanions stuf't with plate  
The labouring winds drive slowly towards their fate.

Before St. *Lutar* they their gunns discharge,  
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge,  
This heard some ships of ours ( though out of view )  
And swift as Eagles to the quarry flew :



*upon several occasions.* 195

So heedless lambs which for their mothers bleat,  
Wake hungry Lions and become their meat.

Ariv'd they soon begin that Tragique play,  
And with their smoaky Canons banish day,  
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,  
And in their sable arms imbrace the fleets.  
Through yeelding Planks the angry Bullets flye,  
And of one wound hundreds together dye,  
Born under different stars one fate they have,  
The ship their Coffin and the sea their Grave.  
Bold were the Men which on the ocean first  
Spread their new sails, when shipwrack wasthe worst,  
More danger now from man alone we find  
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind;  
They that had saild from near th' Antartick Pole  
Their Treasure safe and all their vessels whole,  
In sight of their dear Countrey ruin'd be  
Without the guilt of either rock or sea.

O 2

What

What they would spare our fiercer Art destroys,  
Surpassing storms in Terror and in noise;  
Once *Jove* *Ida* did both Hosts survey  
And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray;  
Here heaven in vain that kind retreat should sound  
The louder Canon had the thunder drown'd.

Some we made prize, while others burnt and rent  
With their rich Lading to the bottome went,  
Down sinks at once (so fortune with us sports)  
The pay of Armys and the pride of Courts.  
Vain man! whose Rage buries as low that store,  
As Avarice had digg'd for it before;  
What Earth in her dark bowels could not keep  
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep,  
Where *Thetis* kindly do's from mortals hide  
Those seeds of Luxury, Debate and Frude.

And now into her Lap the richest prize  
Fell with the noblest of our Enemies,

The

The Marquis glad to see the fire destroy  
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy,  
Out from his flaming ship his children sent  
To perish in a milder Element;  
Then laid him by his burning Lady's side,  
And since he could not save her with her dy'd.  
Spices and Gums about them melting fry,  
And *Phenix* like in that rich nest they dy'd;  
Alive in flames of equal love they burn'd  
And now together are to ashes turn'd,  
Ashes more worth than all their funeral cost,  
Than the huge treasure, which was with them lost.  
These dying Lovers, and their floating Sons  
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns,  
Beauty and Youth about to perish finds  
Such noble Pity in brave English minds,  
That the rich spoyl forgot, their Valours prize,  
All labour now to save their Enemies.

How frail our passions ! how soon changed are  
Our wrath and fury to a friendly Care ?

They that but now for honour and for plate  
Made the sea blush with blood, resigne their hate,  
And their young foes Endeav'ring to retrieve,  
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.

*Eptaph to be written under the Latin inscription upon  
the Tomb of the only Son of the Lord Andover.*

**T**Is fit the English Reader should be told  
In our own Language what this Tomb do's hold,  
Tis not a noble Corps alone do's ly  
Under this stone, but a whole family ;  
His parents pious Care, their Name, their Joy,  
And all their Hope, lies buried with this Boy,  
This lovely youth, for whom we all made moan,  
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.

Had

Had there been space, and years enough allow'd,  
His Courage, wit, and breeding, to have show'd,  
We had not found in all the Numerous Rowl  
Of his fam'd Ancestors, a greater soul,  
His early Vertues to that Auntient stock  
Gave as much Honor, as from thence he tooke.

Like Buds appearing e're the frosts are past,  
To become Man he made such fatall hast,  
And to perfection labord so to clime,  
Preventing slow Experience and Time,  
That tis no wonder death our hopes beguild;  
Hee's seldome Old, that will not be a Childe.

---

*To the Queen, upon her Majesties Birth-day, after Her  
happy recovery from a dangerous sickness.*

Farewell the Year which Threatned so  
The fairest Light the World can show;  
Welcome the New, whose every day  
Restoring what was Snatch'd away

By

By pining Sickness from the Fair,  
That matchless Beauty do's repair  
So fast, that the approaching Spring,  
Which do's to Flow'ry meadows bring  
What the rude Winter from them tore,  
Shall give Her all She had before.

But we recover not so fast  
The sense of such a Danger past;  
We that esteem'd You sent from Heav'n,  
A pattern to this Island giv'n,  
To shew us what the Bless'd do there,  
And what Alive they practis'd here,  
When that which we Immortal thought,  
We saw so neer Destruction brought,  
Felt all which You did then endure,  
And tremble yet, as not secure;  
So though the Sun victorious be,  
And from a dark Eclipse set free,

Th'

Th' Influence which we fondly fear  
Afflicts our Thoughts the following Year.

But that which may Relieve our care,  
Is that You have a Help so near  
For all the Evils You can prove,  
The Kindness of Your Royal Love :  
He that was never known to Mourn,  
So many Kingdoms from him Torn,  
His Tears reserv'd for You, more dear,  
More priz'd than all those Kingdoms were :

For when no healing Art prevail'd,  
When Cordials and Elixars fail'd,  
On your pale Cheek he dropt the shower  
Reviv'd you like a Dying flower.

*Nunc itaque & versus & cetera ludicra pono,  
Quid verum, atque decens, curo, & rogo, & omnis in hoc  
(sum:*

THE

The Influence which we fondly fear  
Arises from Thought in the following Year  
For that which may Relieve our care  
Is that You have a Help so near  
For all the Devils You can prove  
The Kindness of Your Royal Love  
He that was never known to Mourne  
So many Kingdoms from him Torn  
His Tears red w'd for You, more dear  
More precious than all those Kingdoms were  
For when no healing Art prevail'd  
When Coughs and Elixirs fail'd  
On your pale Cheek he drew the thorn  
Reviv'd you like a Dying Lion  
When the we Griefs & cares had oppress'd  
On this side of the grave, Griefs to be  
(fear)

THE





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